











# THOUGHTS OF BEAUTY

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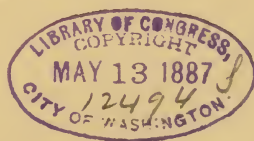
## WORDS OF WISDOM

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

✓  
JOHN RUSKIN  
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EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ROSE PORTER  
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BOSTON

D LOTHROP COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS  
c  
1927

PR 5252  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE chief purpose of a volume of selections is, that one mind may thus be made to do service for many. With an author voluminous as John Ruskin, this is especially needful, since otherwise some of his richest thoughts would remain hidden among sealed pages. For, while the company of thought lovers and seekers is vast, time comes to many of them so hedged in by the "must be" of life's work, their *own* research cannot even fill a brief space amid the pleasures held sacred for recreation hours.

These busy people are the ones to whom this "Spare Minute Series" is cordially dedicated, and by whom it is no less cordially welcomed. Among them may be those who will ask, "Why, in this compilation, Notes on Art and kindred topics have been omitted?" I reply, "Simply, because they are the subjects I find most freely introduced in other volumes of selections from Ruskin's writings." Hence I have confined myself to his discourses on Nature, Morals, and Religion; gathering for your perusal revelations of the blessed wonders of sky and cloud, mountain and rock, trees, mosses, and the green grass, birds of the air, and flowers, and the marvelous coloring all these display, which in beauty of hue, and delicacy of tinting as far out-pass the works of man, as "the Heavens are higher than the earth."

From Nature, it is but a step to the realm where mind and soul reign as King and Queen. And here you will find not only jewels of mental value, and morals of beauty and truth, but buds and blossoms too, of uplifting aspirations and sweet tender heart charity.

For verily, such treasures strew the pages of this author, as thickly as stars strew mid-sky when the night is cloudless. I wonder, will you take these "Thoughts of Beauty, and words of Wisdom" into your minds and hearts as types of the Spiritual light they emblem? If you do, full well I know you will find, like the stars, they shine in companies, one truth-beam swiftly kindling another, till at last they give place to the clear shining of the glad Hereafter, where there is neither night of doubt, sorrow or sin, for, "the Lord God is the Light thereof."

ROSE PORTER.

## JOHN RUSKIN.

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"JOHN RUSKIN. Born in London, England, 1819. Son of a merchant, from whom he inherited a large fortune."

Thus the record reads, and, like all such records, the words stand as the suggestion of infinite possibilities.

Possibilities, that in this case have rounded out into a rarely full life, and one in which the familiar prophecy, "the child is father of the man," is peculiarly verified. For in the aged man of the present, we can see the boy of the past, as plainly as in the wide-spreading branches of the oak, we can trace the outline of the sapling tree.

Very charmingly Ruskin reveals this in a volume of reminiscences just now being published by John Wiley and Sons.

And for the sake of the vivid portrayal those early memories give of growth from youth to manhood, I pass a cluster of notes from them on to you. The very opening page is a glimpse into his reverential heart, showing that even at well nigh "threescore years and ten" the remembrance of his early home and parents fill a hallowed place in his mind, and, therefore, he tells us: "I write these few prefatory words on my father's birthday, in what was once my own nursery in his old house—to which he brought my mother and me, sixty-two years since; I being then four years old. What would otherwise in the following pages have been little more than an old man's recreation in gathering visionary flowers in the fields of youth, has taken, as I write, the nobler aspect of a dutiful offering at the grave of parents who trained my childhood to all the good it could attain, and whose memory makes declining life cheerful in the hope of being again soon with them."

What an in-look, I repeat, this gives us into the simple, sweet-hearted nature of the man. And yet, from a subtle mental combining of rare analytical power and perception of isolated truths, that forms them into a reality of united force, and then, insists on them with a certain aggressive assertion, Ruskin has many a time by printed and spoken words called forth the bitter hostility of critics and connoisseurs in Art and Literature. Nevertheless he has won an abiding place among English scholars, and is universally acknowledged as the possessor of harmony and brilliancy of style, linked with marked eloquence in descriptive passages, that gives even to his printed words the flash of a vitality that illumines them with a glow of beauty that ranks him an artist in language, as well as an artist by the claim of palette and brush.

And all this is hinted in his childhood, where it runs like a golden thread through the warp of the years. Catch its shining in the following extracts, where of the dawning of intellectual life he tells: "I had Walter Scott's novels and the *Iliad* — Pope's translation — for my only reading on weekdays; on Sundays their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. . . . I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that, compulsorily, and every day in the week. . . . I have to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music, yet in that familiarity revered, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

"This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether, that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.



“In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse: hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse: and to which, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.

“It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child’s mind, chiefly repulsive—the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God, in opposition to the abuse of it by modern preachers of what they imagine to be His Gospel.” To this discipline, he continues to tell us, “patient, accurate and resolute, I owe not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature.” And surely it is in this early training we find the germ of the later development which has led lovers of Ruskin to rank him with David the Psalmist, for to him, as to the sweet singer of old, God’s works are God’s thoughts, and Ruskin thus becomes akin to inspired David, so far certainly as his views of nature are concerned.

I would that we had space to follow in detail the continued record of his parents’ formative influence, which he acknowledges time after time, saying, “It was more important in youth, and far on into life, than any external conditions, either of friendship or tutorship, whether at the University or in the world.” Later on he again refers to his mother’s influence, and “her natural purity of heart and conduct which led her always to take most delight in the right and clear language which can only relate lovely things.” He recalls, too,

her unquestioning faith in the Bible, "which placed him as soon as he could think, in the presence of the unseen world, and set his active analytic power early to work on the questions of conscience, free-will and responsibility." And so strong was this mother's control, that "the ideas of success at school or college put before him by the masters were ignoble and comfortless in comparison with his mother's regretful blame, or simple praise." She must have been a somewhat stern woman, and though deeply religious, in bondage to some extent too, to the "letter of the law." This we see in her government of the child who when not more than five years old, had already learned "not to want what he was never permitted to hope or imagine the possession of," and who "had attained serene and secure methods of life and motion; and could pass his days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of the carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses." Thus it was that in the days of almost infancy his life-long habits of observation began — till so keen grew the faculty that not the least line in art, or object in nature, escaped his notice.

We have dwelt long on his mother's influence. What of the father's? Ruskin tells us "he had so much more confidence in his mother's judgment than in his own, that he never ventured even to help, much less to cross her in the conduct of his education." Still, it was the father who became his guide in developing what power he had of imagination, and early love for art, poetry, and romance. "My father," he writes, "was an absolutely beautiful reader of the *best* poetry and prose." And pleasant is the word-picture of the little lad and growing youth seated in his own "sacred niche, a recess beside the fireplace, and out of all inconvenient heat, or hurtful draught," listening, with the eagerness of an eager child, while his father read aloud to his mother evening after evening. "Thus," he writes, "I heard all the Shakespeare comedies and historical plays again and again — all Scott; and all Don Quixote, at which I could then laugh to ecstasy, now, it is one of the saddest, and, in some things, most offensive of books to me."

It was the father too, who about the beginning of the teen-period began to read him pages from Byron—who became for a time the youth's master in verse, as Turner was in color.

But we must not linger over these reminiscences, pleasant though their story is, and yet, I would fain note the child's delight in the mid-summer holiday tour, when seated between father and mother in the old-time travelling chariot, his horizon of sight was the widest possible, and when their road led through the garden-like counties of England, and sometimes extended northward, even far as the Scottish borders—I would fain note too, "the first effort to express sentiment in rhyme; the dawning love for engraving," and of such characters of surface and shade as it could give, and then the violent instinct for architecture, followed by the never abated geological instinct." All of these mark periods in his unfolding life—but none were so full as the hour when as he crossed the plane of the Rhine the "gates of the hills" opened to a new life, to cease no more, except at the Gates of the Hills whence one returns not." But enough—save the gathering up in his own words, "what advantage and mischief by the chances of life up to seven years old had been irrevocably determined." "I will first count my blessings," he writes, "as a not unwise friend once recommended me to do, continually; whereas I have a bad trick of always numbering the thorns in my fingers, and not the bones in them. And for best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of peace, in thought, act and word. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety. . . . I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window-pane, or a bird in the cherry-tree; and I had never seen any grief.

“Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete; nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true. Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind, this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, a year or two before his death, that I had ‘the most analytic mind in Europe.’

“Lastly, an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, given by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comforts, or except in carefulest restriction, fruit; and by fine preparation of what food was given me. Such I esteem the main blessings of my childhood;—next let me count the equally dominant calamities.

“First, that I had nothing to love. My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon; only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—Still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable: and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do. . . . The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

“For second of chief calamities, I had nothing to endure.

Danger or pain of any kind I knew not; my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified.

“Thirdly, I was taught no precision nor etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness; but the shyness came later, and increased as I grew conscious of the rudeness arising from the want of social discipline, and found it impossible to acquire, in advanced life, dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary behavior. Lastly, and chief of evils, my judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. But the ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices.

“My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time, must be, that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined, and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous.”

And now, one more note and we bid farewell to Ruskin's own analysis of the impression left by childhood's experience on manhood.

“I was different, be it once more said, from other children, even of my own type, not so much in the actual nature of the feeling, but in the mixture of it. I had, in my little clay pitcher, vialfuls, as it were, of Wordsworth's reverence, Shelley's sensitiveness, Turner's accuracy, all in one. A snow-drop was to me as to Wordsworth, part of the Sermon on the Mount; but I never should have written sonnets to the celan-



dine, because it was of coarse yellow, and imperfect form. With Shelley, I loved blue sky and blue eyes, but never in the least confused the heavens with my own poor little Psychidion. And the reverence and passion were alike kept in their places by the constructive Turnerian element. And I did not weary myself in wishing that a daisy could see the beauty of its shadow, but in trying to draw the shadow rightly, myself.

"But so stubborn and chemically inalterable the laws of the prescription were, that now, looking back from 1886 to that brook shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in nothing whatsoever *changed*. Some of me is dead, more of me stronger. I have learned a few things, forgotten many; in the total of me, I am but the same youth!" . . . .

That you may know something of the amount of work Ruskin has accomplished, I copy the list of his chief published writings, and if you add to them his various efforts for the benefit of all classes of society, men and women, rich and poor, young and old, learned and unlearned, you will be able in some measure to estimate the mental power and heart worth of John Ruskin.

1843, "Modern Painters" — republished in 1846 in a greatly enlarged form, accompanied by a second volume, treating "of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties." To this, later on, a third and fourth were added, and in 1860, the work was completed by a fifth volume. At the time of its completion the work had somewhat changed in character to a philosophical treatise on landscape painting.

The contemplation and study of the most noted mediæval buildings of Continental Europe inspired Ruskin to seek a general reform in domestic architecture — hence his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851-53, both illustrated by himself — as were the "Modern Painters."

In 1851 he began "Examples of the Architecture of Venice" from his own designs. Then follow other architectural pamphlets, among them "The Opening of the Crystal Palace" and "The Study of Architecture in our Schools." "Notes on



the Construction of Sheep Folds," 1851, is a discussion of church discipline and doctrine, rather than on church architecture.

Ruskin was of course in full sympathy with the pre-Raphaelite movement, claiming, as he did, that "the principles on which Hunt, Millais and their followers proceeded had first been enunciated in his own works," and in his pamphlet, "Pre-Raphaelitism," 1851, and elsewhere, he expresses his admiration of the new school. He has also published several courses of lectures to artisans and others — among them, "Architecture and Painting," "The Political Economy of Art," "The Two Paths," "Sesame and Lilies," "The Ethics of the Dust," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Lectures on Art," "The Eagle's Nest," "Aratra Pentelici," "Ariadne Florentina," also "Elements of Perspective," "The King of the Golden River," "Elements of Drawing," "Unto this Last," "Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne," "The Queen of the Air," and many contributions to the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. "Mornings in Florence," "Proserpine," "Studies of Wayside Flowers," "Love's Meinie," "Deucalion" and "Val d'Arno," "Munera Pulveris," "Elements of Sculpture," and a periodical called "Fors Clavigera" and "The Lord's Prayer in Church" belong to his later publications. There is also a volume of early poems, called, "Poems by John Ruskin," but of his verse-making it should ever be remembered it was confined to his youth, and for the most part dated from Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1839, he gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry.

In the matter of public honor, in 1867, Ruskin was appointed Rede lecturer at Cambridge, and later he received the degree of LL. D. from that University.

He was elected Slade professor of fine arts in the University of Oxford in 1869, and in 1871 he gave five thousand pounds as an endowment for a Master of Drawing in that University; in this year he also founded a Museum at Sheffield, to which he has since given part of his own valuable library, as well as art treasures.



# THOUGHTS OF BEAUTY

AND

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

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It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our per-

petual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; . . . but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the

forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual — that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood — things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given. . . . I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most

educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old Masters.

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If there be one characteristic of the sky more valuable or necessary to be rendered than another, it is that which Wordsworth has given in the second book of the *Excursion* : —

“The chasm of sky above my head  
Is Heaven’s profoundest azure. No domain  
For fickle, short-lived clouds, to occupy,  
Or to pass through ; — but rather an *abyss*  
In which the everlasting stars abide,  
And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might tempt  
The curious eye to look for them by day.”

And, in his American notes, I remember Dickens notices the same truth, describing himself as lying drowsily on the barge deck, looking not at, but *through* the sky. And if you look intensely at the pure blue of a serene sky, you will see that there is a variety and fulness in its very repose. It is not flat dead color, but a deep, quivering, transparent body of penetrable air, in which you can trace or imagine short, falling spots of deceiving light, and dim shades, faint, veiled vestiges of dark vapor.

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“The Heavens declare the glory of God.” What are the Heavens? There can be no question that in the minds of the



sacred writers, the word stood naturally for the entire system of cloud, and of space beyond it, conceived by them as a vault set with stars. . . . A child might therefore be told (surely with advantage) that our beautiful word Heaven may possibly have been formed from a Hebrew word, meaning “the high place.” . . . . These Heavens, then, “declare the glory of God;” that is the light of God, the eternal glory, stable and changeless. As their orbs fail not—but pursue their course for ever, to give light upon the earth—so God’s glory surrounds man for ever—changeless, in its fulness insupportable—infinite.

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The account given of the stages of Creation in the first chapter of Genesis, is in every respect clear and intelligible to the simplest reader, except in the statement of the work of the second day. I suppose that this statement is passed over by careless readers without an endeavor to understand it; and contemplated by simple and faithful readers as a sublime mystery which was not intended to be understood. But there is no mystery in any other part of the chapter, and it seems to me unjust to conclude that any was intended here. And the passage ought to be peculiarly interesting to us, as being the first in the Bible in which the *heavens* are named, and the only one in which the word “Heaven” all important as that word is to our understanding of the most precious promises of Scripture, receives a definite explanation. Let us, therefore, see whether, by a little careful comparison of the verse

with other passages in which the word occurs, we may not be able to arrive at as clear an understanding of this portion of the chapter as of the rest.

In the first place, the English word "Firmament" itself is obscure and useless; because we never employ it but as a synonym of Heaven; it conveys no other distinct idea to us; and the verse, though from our familiarity with it we imagine that it possesses meaning, has in reality no more point or value than if it were written "God said, let there be something in the midst of the waters, and God called the something Heaven."

But the marginal reading, "Expansion," has definite value; and the statement that, "God said, let there be an expansion in the midst of the waters, and God called the expansion Heaven," has an apprehensible meaning. Now, with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that, therefore, the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in general to be the true one. An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth; but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words "Expansion in the midst of the waters." And if, having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately,

he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed anything of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide “waters from waters,” that is to say, divide water in its collective and tangible state, from water in its divided and aerial state; or the waters which *fall* and *flow*, from those which *rise* and *float*. Next, if we try this interpretation in the theological sense of the word *Heaven*, and examine whether the clouds are spoken of as God’s dwelling place, we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai; appearing in a cloud on the mercy seat, filling the Temple of Solomon with the cloud when its dedication is accepted; appearing in a great cloud to Ezekiel; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet; and in like manner returning to Judgment. “Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.” “Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven, with power and great glory.” While farther, the “clouds” and “heavens” are used as interchangeable words in those Psalms which most distinctly set forth the power of God: “He bowed the heavens also, and came down; He made darkness pavilions round about Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.” And, again; “Thy mercy, oh Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.” And, again: “His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds.” Again: “The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound, the voice of Thy thunder was in the

Heavens." Again: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne; the Heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory."

In all these passages the meaning is unmistakable, if they possess definite meaning at all. We are too apt to take them merely for sublime and vague imagery, and therefore gradually to lose the apprehension of their life and power. The expression, "He bowed the Heavens," for instance, is, I suppose, received by most readers as a magnificent hyperbole, having reference to some peculiar and fearful manifestation of God's power to the writer of the Psalm in which the words occur. But the expression either has plain meaning, or it has *no* meaning. Understand by the term "Heavens" the compass of infinite space around the earth, and the expression, "bowed the Heavens," however sublime, is wholly without meaning; infinite space cannot be bent or bowed. But understand by the "Heavens" the veil of clouds above the earth, and the expression is neither hyperbolical nor obscure; it is pure, plain, and accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our eyes day by day. By accepting the words in their simple sense, we are thus led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity, and His purpose of manifesting Himself as near us whenever the storm-cloud stoops upon its course; while by our vague and inaccurate acceptance of the words we remove the idea of His presence

far from us, into a region which we can neither see nor know; and gradually, from the close realization of a living God who “maketh the clouds His chariot” we refine and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God, inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature.

All errors of this kind — and in the present day we are in constant and grievous danger of falling into them — arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, “By searching, find out God — find out the Almighty to perfection;” that is to say, by help of courses of reasoning and accumulations of Science, apprehend the nature of the Deity in a more exalted and more accurate manner than in a state of comparative ignorance; whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God’s way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh*, but in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted us, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a

loving Father and Friend; a being to be walked with and reasoned with; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labor; and, finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation. This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore the only one which *for us* can be true.

I would desire, therefore, to receive God's account of His own creation as under the ordinary limits of human knowledge and imagination it would be received by a simply minded man. . . . I suppose the heavens to mean that part of creation which holds equal companionship with our globe; I understand the "rolling of those heavens together as a scroll," to be an equal and relative destruction with the "melting of the elements in fervent heat;" and I understand the making of the firmament to signify that, so far as man is concerned, most magnificent ordinance of the clouds; the ordinance, that as the great plain of waters was formed on the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of the ocean; and that this upper and heavenly plain should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the fire, but now bearing fire in their own bosoms; no longer murmuring only when the winds raise them or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices from pole to pole; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided



through unchanging channels, but going forth at their pleasure like the armies of the angels and choosing their encampments upon the heights of the hills; no longer hurried downwards forever, moving but to fall, nor lost in the lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the east and west with the waving of their wings, and robing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of divers colors, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame. This, I believe, is the ordinance of the firmament; and it seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, His promise of everlasting love. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun;" whose burning ball, which without the firmament, would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by the firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for His chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for His presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of His rest; by the mists of the firmament His implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of

distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him; but, as the Judge of the earth, and the Preserver of men, these heavens are indeed His dwelling-place: "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words "Our Father which art in heaven."



Between the heaven and man came the cloud. Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? . . . That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation — why is *it* so heavy? And why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength

to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks — why are *they* so light — their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does not *steal* by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet — and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading; now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hills — that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest — how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow — nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it — poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire; — how is their barbed strength bridled? What bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued

leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening — what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came? I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. “Knowest thou the balancing of the clouds?” Is the answer ever to be one of pride? “The wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge?” Is *our* knowledge ever to be so? . . . . For my own part I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions; to which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll, we may find also a syllable or two of answer illuminated here and there.



The first and most important character of clouds, is dependent on the different altitudes at which they are formed. The atmosphere may be conveniently considered as divided into three spaces, each inhabited by clouds of specific character altogether different, though in reality, there is no dis-

tinct limit fixed between them by nature, clouds being formed at every altitude, and partaking, according to their altitude, more or less of the character of the upper or lower regions. . . . . The clouds which I wish to consider as included in the upper region, never touch even the highest mountains of Europe, and may therefore be looked upon as never formed below an elevation of at least fifteen thousand feet; they are the motionless multitudinous lines of delicate vapor with which the blue of the open sky is commonly streaked or speckled after several days of fine weather.

Their chief characters are: First, Symmetry. They are nearly always arranged in some definite and evident order, . . . . . They thus differ from all other clouds in having a plan and system; whereas other clouds, though there are certain laws which they cannot break, have yet perfect freedom from anything like a relative and general system of government. The upper clouds are to the lower, what soldiers on parade are to a mixed multitude; no men walk on their heads or on their hands, and so there are certain laws which no clouds violate; but there is nothing except in the upper clouds resembling symmetrical discipline. Secondly, Sharpness of Edge. The edges of the bars of the upper clouds which are turned to the wind, are often the sharpest which the sky shows; no outline whatever of any other kind of cloud, however marked and energetic, ever approaches the delicate decision of these edges. Thirdly, Multitude: The delicacy of these vapors is sometimes carried into such an infinity of

division, that no other sensation of number that the earth or heaven can give is so impressive.

Fourthly, Purity of Color: . . . . They are composed of the purest aqueous vapor, free from all foulness of earthy gases, and of this in the lightest and most ethereal state in which it can be, to be visible. Farther, they receive the light of the sun in a state of far greater intensity than lower objects, the beams being transmitted to them through atmospheric air far less dense, and wholly unaffected by mist, smoke, or any other impurity. Hence their colors are more pure and vivid, and their white less sullied than those of any other clouds.

Lastly, Variety. Variety is never so conspicuous, as when it is united with symmetry. . . . Nature never lets one of the members of even her most disciplined groups of cloud be like another; but though each is adapted for the same function, and in its great features resembles all the others, not one, out of the millions with which the sky is checkered, is without a separate beauty and character, appearing to have had distinct thought occupied in its conception, and distinct forces in its production; and in addition to this perpetual invention, visible in each member of each system, we find systems of separate cloud intersecting one another, the sweeping lines mingled and interwoven with the rigid bars, these in their turn melting into banks of sand-like ripple and flakes of drifted and irregular foam; under all, perhaps the massy outline of some lower cloud moves heavily across the motion-

less buoyancy of the upper lines, and indicates at once their elevation and repose.

Such are the great attributes of the upper cloud region.  
. . . . the upper clouds, which, owing to their quietness and multitude, we may perhaps conveniently think of as the "cloud-flocks." . . . . .

If you watch for the next sunset, when there are a considerable number of these cirri in the sky, you will see, especially at the zenith, that the sky does not remain of the same color for two inches together: one cloud has a dark side of cold blue, and a fringe of milky white; another, above it, has a dark side of purple and an edge of red; another, nearer the sun, has an under-side of orange and an edge of gold; these you will find mingled with, and passing into the blue of the sky, which in places you will not be able to distinguish from the cool gray of the darker clouds, and which will be itself full of gradation, now pure and deep, now faint and feeble; and all this is done, not in large pieces, nor on a large scale, but over and over again in every square yard, so that there is no single part nor portion of the whole sky which has not in itself variety of color enough for a separate picture, and yet no single part which is like another, or which has not some peculiar source of beauty, and some peculiar arrangement of color of its own.



The originality and vigor of separate conception, in cloud forms, gives to the scenery of the sky a force and a variety



no less delightful than that of the changes of mountain outline in a hill district of great elevation; and there is added to this a spirit-like feeling, a capricious, mocking imagery of passion and life, totally different from any effects of inanimate form that the earth can show.

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You may take any single fragment of any cloud in the sky, and you will find it put together as if there had been a year's thought over the plan of it, arranged with the most studied inequality — with the most delicate symmetry — with the most elaborate contrast, a picture in itself. You may try any other piece of cloud in the heaven, and you will find them every one as perfect, and yet not one in the least like another.

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We are little apt, in watching the changes of a mountainous range of cloud, to reflect that the masses of vapor which compose it, are huger and higher than any mountain range of the earth; and the distances between mass and mass are not yards of air traversed in an instant by the flying form, but valleys of changing atmosphere leagues over; that the slow motion of ascending curves, which we can scarcely trace, is a boiling energy of exulting vapor rushing into the heaven a thousand feet in a minute; and that the toppling angle whose sharp edge almost escapes notice in the multitudinous forms around it, is a nodding precipice of storms, three thousand feet from base to summit. . . . Every boiling heap of illuminated mist in the nearer sky, is an

enormous mountain, fifteen or twenty thousand feet in height, six or seven miles over an illuminated surface, furrowed by a thousand colossal ravines, torn by local tempests into peaks and promontories, and changing its features with the majestic velocity of the volcano.



Not in her most ponderous and lightless masses will nature ever leave us without some evidence of transmitted sunshine; and she perpetually gives us passages in which the vapor becomes visible only by the sunshine which it arrests and holds within itself, not caught on its surface, but entangled in its mass — floating fleeces, precious with the gold of Heaven; and this translucency is especially indicated on the dark sides even of her heaviest wreaths, which possess opalescent and delicate hues of partial illumination far more dependent upon the beams which pass through them than on those which are reflected upon them.



Where Poussin or Claude have three similar masses, Nature has fifty pictures, made up each of millions of minor thoughts—fifty aisles penetrating through angelic chapels to the Shechinah of the blue—fifty hollow ways among bewildered hills—each with their own nodding rocks, and cloven precipices, and radiant summits, and robing vapors, but all unlike each other, except in beauty, all bearing witness to the unwearied, exhaustless operation of the Infinite Mind.

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To the region of the rain-cloud belong all those phenomena of drifted smoke, heat-haze, local mists in the morning or evening; in valleys, or over water, mirage, white steaming vapor rising in evaporation from moist and open surfaces, and everything which visibly affects the condition of the atmosphere without actually assuming the form of a cloud. These phenomena are as perpetual in all countries as they are beautiful . . . through the rain-cloud, and its accessory phenomena, all that is beautiful may be made manifest, and all that is hurtful concealed, . . . and accordingly, Nature herself uses it constantly, as one of her chief means of most perfect effect; not in one country, nor another, but everywhere—everywhere at least, where there is anything worth calling landscape. I cannot answer for the desert of Sahara, but I know that there can be no greater mistake than supposing that delicate and variable effect of mists and rain-cloud are peculiar to northern climates. I have never seen in any place or country effects of mist more perfect than in the Campagna of Rome, and among the hills of Sorrento.

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We must understand another effect peculiar to the rain-cloud, that its openings exhibit the purest blue which the sky ever shows; for as aqueous vapor always turns the sky more or less gray, it follows that we never can see the azure so intense as when the greater part of this vapor has just fallen in rain. Then, and then only, pure blue sky becomes

visible in the first openings, distinguished especially by the manner in which the clouds melt into it; their edges passing off in faint white threads and fringes, through which the blue shines more and more intensely, till the last trace of vapor is lost in its perfect color. It is only the upper white clouds, however, which do this, or the last fragments of rain-clouds, becoming white as they disappear, so that the blue is never *corrupted* by the cloud, but only paled and broken with pure white, the purest white which the sky ever shows. Thus we have a melting and palpitating color, never the same for two inches together, deepening, and broadening here and there into intensity of perfect azure, then drifted and dying away through every tone of pure blue sky, into the snow white of the filmy cloud. Over this roll the determined edges of the rain-clouds, throwing it all far back, as a retired scene, into the upper sky.



Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at day-break, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths, the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of

winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up toward you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see the horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when

you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface with foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter — brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth

to reel under them. And then, wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

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Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away; they are shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them and they form into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor.



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Without troubling ourselves at all about laws, or causes of color, the visible consequences of their operation are notably these — that when near us, clouds present only subdued and uncertain colors; but when far from us, and struck by the sun on their under surface — so that the greater part of the light they receive is reflected — they become golden, purple, scarlet, and intense fiery white, mingled in all kinds of gradations. The finest scarlets are constantly seen in broken flakes on a deep purple ground of heavier cloud beyond, and some of the loveliest rose-colors on clouds in the east, opposite the sunset, or in the west in the morning. . . . A thunder-cloud, deep enough to conceal everything behind it, is often dark lead color, or sulphurous blue; but the thin vapors crossing it, milky-white.

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Though Nature is constantly beautiful, she does not exhibit her highest powers of beauty constantly, for then they would satiate us and pall upon the senses. It is necessary to their appreciation that they should be rarely shown. Her finest touches are things which must be watched for; her most perfect passages of beauty are the most evanescent. She is constantly doing something beautiful for us, but it is something which she has not done before and will not do again: — some exhibition of her general powers in particular circumstances, which if we do not catch at the instant it is passing, will not be repeated for us.



The great Angel of the Sea — rain; — the Angel, observe, the messenger sent to a special place on a special errand. Not the diffused perpetual presence of the burden of mist, but the going and returning of intermittent cloud. All turns upon that intermittence. Soft moss on stone and rock; — cave-fern of tangled glen; wayside well — perennial, patient, silent, clear; stealing through its square font of rough-hewn stone; ever thus deep — no more — which the winter wreck sullies not, the summer thirst wastes not, incapable of stain as of decline — where the fallen leaf floats undecayed, and the insect darts undefiling. Cressed brook and ever-eddying river, lifted even in flood scarcely over its stepping stones, — but through all sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles. Far away in the south the strong river gods have all hasted, and gone down to the sea. Wasted and burning, white furnaces of blasting sand, their broad beds lie ghastly and bare; but here the soft wings of the Sea Angel droop still with dew, and the shadows of their plumes falter on the hills; strange laughings, and glitterings of silver streamlets, born suddenly, and twined about the mossy heights in trickling tinsel, answering to them as they wave. Nor are those wings colorless. We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and gray; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn

form soft level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain. No clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable. For these are the robes of love of the Angel of the Sea. To these that name is chiefly given, the "spreadings of the clouds," from their extent, their gentleness, their fulness of rain. Note how they are spoken of in Job—"By them judgeth He the people. He giveth meat in abundance. With clouds He covereth the light. He hath hidden the light in His hands, and commanded that it should return. He speaks of it to His friend; that it is His possession, and that He may ascend thereto."

That, then, is the Sea Angel's message to God's friends; *that* the meaning of those strange golden lights and purple flushes before the morning rain. The rain is sent to judge, and feed us, but the light is the possession of the friends of God, and they may ascend thereto,—when the tabernacle veil will cross and part its rays no more. But the Angel of the Sea has also another message,—in the "great rain of his strength," rain of trial, sweeping away ill-set foundations. Then his robe is not spread softly over the whole heaven, as

a veil, but sweeps back from His shoulders, ponderous, oblique, terrible — leaving his sword-arm free.

The approach of trial-storm, hurricane-storm, is indeed in its vastness as the clouds of the softer rain. But it is not slow nor horizontal, but swift and steep; swift with passion of ravenous winds; steep as slope of some dark, hollowed hill. The fronting clouds come leaning forward, one thrusting the other aside, or on; impatient, ponderous, impendent like globes of rock tossed by Titans — Ossa on Olympus — but hurled forward all, in one wave of cloud-lava — cloud whose throat is as a sepulchre. Fierce behind them rages the oblique wrath of the rain, white as ashes, dense as showers of driven steel; the pillars of it full of ghastly life; Rain-Furies, shrieking as they fly; — scourging, as with whips of scorpions; — the earth ringing and trembling under them, heaven wailing wildly, the trees stooped blindly down, covering their faces, quivering in every leaf with horror, ruin of their branches flying by them like black stubble.

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We may find, I think, sufficient cause for putting honor upon the rain-cloud. Few of us, perhaps, have thought in watching its career across our own mossy hills, or listening to the murmur of the springs amidst the mountain quietness, that the chief masters of the human imagination owed, and confessed that they owed, the force of their noblest thoughts, not to the flowers of the valley, nor the majesty of the hill, but to the flying cloud. . . . The opening songs of the rain-

clouds in Aristophanes is entirely beautiful: "O eternal Clouds! let us raise into open sight our dewy existence, from the deep sounding Sea, our Father, up to the crests of the wooded hills, whence we look down over the sacred land, nourishing its fruits, and over the rippling of the divine rivers, and over the low murmuring bays of the deep."

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Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen: then as it exists in the form of the torrent—in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.

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To paint the actual play of light on the reflective surface, or to give the forms and fury of water when it begins to

show itself — to give the flashing and rocket-like velocity of a noble cataract, or the precision and grace of the sea waves, so exquisitely modelled, though so mockingly transient — so mountainous in its form, yet so cloud-like in its motion — with its variety and delicacy of color, when every ripple and wreath has some peculiar passage of reflection upon itself alone, and the radiating and scintillating sunbeams are mixed with the dim hues of transparent depth and dark rock below ; to do this perfectly, is beyond the power of man ; to do it even partially has been granted to but one or two.

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There is hardly a roadside pond or pool which has not as much landscape *in* it as above it. It is not the brown, muddy dull thing we suppose it to be ; it has a heart like ourselves, and in the bottom of that there are the boughs of the tall trees, and the blades of the shaking grass, and all manner of hues, of variable, pleasant light out of the sky ; nay, the ugly gutter, that stagnates over the drain bars, in the heart of the foul city, is not altogether base ; down in that, if you will look deep enough, you may see the dark, serious blue of far-off sky, and the passing of pure clouds. It is at your own will that you see in that despised stream, either the refuse of the street, or the image of the sky — so it is with almost all other things that we unkindly despise.

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Stand for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the

vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure, polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves, at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chryso-prase; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, showers purer than the sky through white rain-clouds; while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; their dripping masses lifted at intervals like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and checker them with purple and silver.





Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights, and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hangs in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, forms a festoon like a drapery, from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power,

velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract. . . . Few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have they cannot face it. To hold by a mast or a rock, and watch it, is a prolonged endurance of drowning which few people have courage to go through. To those who have, it is one of the noblest lessons of Nature.

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Seen from the land, the curl of the breakers is somewhat uniform and monotonous; the size of the waves out at sea is uncomprehended, and those nearer the eye seem to succeed and resemble each other, to move slowly to the beach, and to break in the same lines and forms.

Afloat even twenty yards from the shore, we receive a totally different impression. Every wave around us appears vast — every one different from the rest — and the breakers present, now that we see them with their backs toward us, the grand extended, and mixed lines of long curvation, which are peculiarly expressive both of velocity and power. Recklessness, before unfelt, is manifested in the mad, perpetual, changeful, undirected motion, not of wave after wave, as it

appears from the shore, but of the very same water rising and falling. Of waves that successively approach and break, each appears to the mind a separate individual, whose part being performed, it perishes, and is succeeded by another; and there is nothing in this to impress us with the idea of restlessness, any more than in any successive and continuous functions of life and death. But it is when we perceive that it is no succession of wave, but the same water constantly rising and crashing, and recoiling, and rolling in again in new forms and with fresh fury, that we perceive the perturbed spirit, and feel the intensity of its unwearied rage. The sensation of power is also trebled; for not only is the vastness of apparent size much increased, but the whole action is different; it is not a passive wave rolling sleepily forward until it tumbles heavily, prostrated upon the beach, but a sweeping exertion of tremendous and living strength, which does not now appear to fall, but to *burst* upon the shore; which never perishes, but recoils and recovers.

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Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play and purity and power to the ordained elevations of the earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we

enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear waters is a perpetual sign; that the dew and the rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them, by which at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! Deep calleth unto deep: I know not which of the two is most wonderful — that calm, gradated invisible slope of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven for it through the ranks of hills, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away for ever,

lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied — no one should be satisfied — with that vague answer — the river cut its way. Not so. The river *found* its way.

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That turbid foaming of the angry waters,—that tearing down of bank and rock along the flanks of its fury,—are no disturbances of the kind course of nature; they are beneficent operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to the beauty of the earth. The process is continued more gently, but not less effectively, over all the surface of the lower undulating country; and each filtering thread of summer rain which trickles through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown down on some new natural garden in the dingles below.

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All rivers small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish, and childlike; and another steep shore under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get the strength of their waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set

themselves to the main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided, also, like wicked and good men; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in, but the wicked rivers go scoopingly, irregularly, under their banks until they get full of strangling eddies, which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks, and pools like wells which no one can get out of but the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom; but wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two sides.

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The river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of, until its edge is approached; and then suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that form its banks; hollowed out where the river leans against them, as it turns, into perilous overhanging, and on the other shore, at the same spots, having little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half-grown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable foot-path which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples, and eddies, and murmurs in an utter solitude. It is passing through the midst of a thickly peopled country; but never was stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions; the goats browse beside it;

and the traveller drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions; it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air — a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, dropped into repose out of the midst of human labor and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising, and breathing, and fading, with no hand to gather them; — and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain.



It was a maxim of Raffaele's that the artist's object was to make things not as Nature makes them, but as she *would* make them; as she ever tries to make them, but never succeeds, though her aim may be deduced from a comparison of her effects; just as if a number of archers had aimed unsuccessfully at a mark upon a wall, and this mark were then removed, we could by the examination of their arrow-marks point out the probable position of the spot aimed at, with a certainty of being nearer to it than any of their shots. We have most of us heard of original sin, and may, perhaps, in our modest moments, conjecture that we are not quite what God or Nature would have us to be. Raffaele *had* something to mend in *humanity*; I should like to have seen him mending a daisy, or a pease-blossom, or a moth, or a mustard-seed,



or any other of God's slightest works! If he had accomplished that, one might have found for him more respectable employment, to set the stars in better order, perhaps, (they seem grievously scattered as they are, and to be of all manner of shapes and sizes, except the *ideal* shape, and the proper size;) or to give us a *correct view of the ocean*, that at least seems a very irregular and improveable thing; the very fishermen do not know this day how far it will reach, driven up before the west wind. Perhaps some one else does, but that is not our business. Let us go down and stand on the beach by the sea—the great irregular sea, and count whether the thunder of it is not out of time—one—two; here comes a well formed wave at last, trembling a little at the top, but on the whole, orderly. So! Crash among the shingle, and up as far as this gray pebble! Now, stand by and watch. Another: Ah, careless wave! why couldn't you have kept your crest on? It is all gone away into spray, striking up against the cliffs there—I thought as much—missed the mark by a couple of feet! Another: How now, impatient one! couldn't you have waited till your friend's reflux was done with, instead of rolling yourself up with it in that unseemly manner? You go for nothing. A fourth, and a goodly one at last! What think we of yonder slow rise, and crystalline hollow, without a flaw? Steady, good wave! not so fast! not so fast! Where are you coming to? This is too bad; two yards over the mark, and ever so much of you in our face besides; and a wave which we had some hope

of, behind there, broken all to pieces out at sea, and laying a great white tablecloth of foam all the way to the shore, as if the marine gods were to dine off it! Alas, for these unhappy "arrow shots" of Nature! She will never hit her mark with those unruly waves of hers, nor get one of them into the ideal shape, if we wait for a thousand years.

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"To dress and to keep it."

That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden instead of kept it — feeding our war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear-shafts!

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What infinite wonderfulness there is in vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, as the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man — his friend and his teacher! . . . vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being; which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret. And in this mystery of intermediate being . . . most of the lessons we need are written,

all kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the Earth and Man; wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire and discipline; God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First a carpet to make it soft for him; then, a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plough-handle, according to his temper) useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service; cold juice, or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet. Roots cleaving the

strength of rock, or binding the transiency of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean — clothing with variegated, everlasting films, the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.

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The laws of the organization of the earth are distinct and fixed as those of the animal frame, simpler and broader, but equally authoritative and inviolable. . . . Few ever think of the common earth beneath their feet, as anything possessing specific form, or governed by steadfast principles.

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The earth, as a tormented and trembling ball, may have rolled in space for myriads of ages before humanity was formed from its dust; and as a devastated ruin it may continue to roll, when all that dust shall again have been mingled with ashes that never were warmed by life, or polluted by sin. But for us the intelligible and substantial fact is that the earth has been brought, by forces we know not of, into a form fitted for our habitation.

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Despise the earth, or slander it; fix your eyes on its gloom, and forget its loveliness; and we do not thank you for your languid or despairing perception of brightness in heaven. But rise up actively on the earth,—learn what there is in it,

know its color and form, and the full measure and make of it, and if *after that* you can say, "heaven is bright" it will be a precious truth, but not till then.

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"And God said, Let the waters which are under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear." We do not, perhaps, often enough consider the deep significance of this sentence. . . . Up to that moment the earth has been *void*, for it had been without *form*. The command that the waters should be gathered was the command that the earth should be *sculptured*. . . . The dry land appeared, not in level sands, forsaken by the surges, but in range beyond range of swelling hill and iron rock, for ever to claim kindred with the firmament, and be companioned by the clouds of heaven.

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As we read the mighty sentence — "Let the dry land appear," we should try to follow the finger of God, as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and the law of its everlasting form; as, gulf by gulf, the channels of the deep were ploughed; and cape by cape, the lines were traced with Divine foreknowledge, of the shores that were to limit the nations; and chain by chain the mountain-walls were lengthened forth, and their foundations fastened for ever; and the compass was set upon the face of the depth, and the fields, and the highest part of the dust of the world were made; and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

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Mountains are, to the rest of the body of the earth, what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with fierce and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. . . . The spirit of the hills is action; that of the lowlands, repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest; from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to Heaven, saying, "I live forever!"

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There is an expression and a feeling about all the hill lines of nature not to be reduced to line and rule — not to be measured by angles or described by compasses — not to be chipped out by the geologist, or equated by the mathematician. It is intangible, incalculable — a thing to be felt, not understood — to be loved, not comprehended — a music of the eyes, a melody of the heart, whose truth is known only by its sweetness.

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It is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of the wis-

dom and love which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere *sculpture* that was needed; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills, and the surfaces of the valleys. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain; yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the Alpine forest and the Alpine flower: not so hard but that, in the midst of the utmost majesty of its enthroned strength, there should be seen on it the seal of death, and the writing of the same sentence that had gone forth against the human frame, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." And with this perishable substance the most majestic forms were to be framed that were consistent with the safety of man; and the peak was to be lifted, and the cliff rent, as high and as steeply as was possible, in order yet to permit the shepherd to feed his flocks upon the slope, and the cottage to nestle beneath their shadow.

And observe, two distinct ends were to be accomplished in the doing this. It was indeed, absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habitation; for without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services ap-



pointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working,—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment,—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend. It is impossible to examine in their connected system the features of even the most ordinary mountain scenery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man.

“As far as possible:” that is, as far as is consistent with the fulfilment of the sentence of condemnation on the whole earth. Death must be upon the hills; and the cruelty of the tempest smite them, and the brier and thorn spring up upon them; but they so smite as to bring their rooks into the fairest forms; and so spring, as to make the very desert blossom like the rose. Even among our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at last,

neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love. But among the true mountains of the greater orders, the Divine purpose of appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit becomes still more manifest. Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet. . . . But the great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life, leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet foot-paths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of green sward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and

sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the low-land scenery becomes lovelier in this change; the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree; the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

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It may not be profitless to review the three great offices which mountain ranges are appointed to fulfil, in order to preserve the health and increase the happiness of mankind. Their first use is of course to give motion to water. And the incalculable blessing of the power given to us in most valleys, of reaching by excavation some point whence the water will rise to the surface of the ground in perennial flow, is entirely owing to the concave disposition of the beds of clay or rock, raised from beneath the bosom of the valley into ranks of

enclosing hills. The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the air. . . . Mountains divide the earth not only into districts, but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes, and ascend or descend their ravines, altering both the temperature and nature of the air as it passes, in a thousand different ways; moistening it with the spray of their waterfalls, sucking it down and beating it hither and thither in the pools of their torrents, closing it within clefts and caves, where the sunbeams never reach, till it is as cold as November mists, then sending it forth again to breathe softly across the slopes of velvet fields, or to be scorched among sunburnt shales, and grassless crags; then drawing it back in moaning swirls through clefts of ice, and up into dewy wreaths above the snow-fields; then piercing it with strange electric darts and flashes of mountain fire, and tossing it high in fantastic storm-cloud, as the dried grass is tossed by the mower, only suffering it to depart at last, when chastened and pure, to refresh the faded air of the far-off plains.

The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the *soils* of the earth. Without such provision the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. - But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be

cast down into sheets of massy rock, full of every substance necessary for the nourishment of plants; these fallen fragments are again broken by frost and ground by torrents, into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base. Every shower which swells the rivulets enables their waters to carry certain portions of earth into new positions, and exposes new banks of ground to be mined in their turn.



It is not, in reality, a degrading, but a true, large, and ennobling view of the mountain ranges of the world, if we compare them to heaps of fertile and fresh earth, laid up by a prudent gardener beside his garden beds, whence, at intervals, he casts on them some scattering of new and virgin ground. That which we so often lament as convulsion or destruction is nothing else than the momentary shaking off the dust from the spade. The winter floods, which inflict a temporary devastation, bear with them the elements of succeeding fertility; the fruitful field is covered with sand and shingle in momentary judgment, but in enduring mercy; and the great river, which chokes its mouth with marsh, and tosses terror along its shore, is but scattering the seeds of the harvest of futurity, and preparing the seats of unborn generations.

I have not spoken of the local and peculiar utilities of mountains; I do not count the benefit of the supply of summer streams

from the moors of the higher ranges,—of the various medicinal plants which are nested among their rocks;—of the delicate pasturage which they furnish for cattle,—of the forests in which they bear timber for shipping,—the stones they supply for building, or the ores of metal which they collect into spots open to discovery, and easy for working. All these benefits are of a secondary or a limited nature. But the three great functions which I have just described—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth—are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our idea of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbol, “Thy *righteousness* is like the great mountains; Thy *judgments* are a great deep.”



Look at the crest of the Alps, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast when human souls hold communion with it by the myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun, and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon; dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. Thus was it set for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundation, and the tide of human life, shallowed upon the vast æriel shore, is at last met by the Eternal, "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fret-work saddened into wasting snow, the storm brands of ages are on its heart, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.



It has always appeared to me that there was, even in healthy mountain districts, a certain degree of inevitable melancholy; nor could I ever escape from the feeling that here, where chiefly the beauty of God's working was manifested to men, warning was also given, and that to the full, of the enduring of His indignation against sin. . . . And in this mountain gloom, which weighs so strongly upon the human



heart that in all times hitherto, the hill defiles have been either avoided in terror or inhabited in penance, there is but the fulfilment of the universal law, that where the beauty and wisdom of the Divine working are most manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath, and inevitableness of His power. . . . The hills were ordained for the help of man; but, instead of raising his eyes to the hills, from whence cometh his help, he does his idol sacrifice "upon every high hill and under every green tree." The mountain of the Lord's house is established above the hills; but Nadab and Abihu shall see under His feet the body of heaven in his clearness, yet go down to kindle the censer against their own souls. And so to the end of time it will be; to the end, that cry will still be heard along the Alpine winds, "Hear, oh ye mountains, the Lord's controversy!" Still their gulfs of thawless ice, and unretarded roar of tormented waves, and deathful falls of fruitless waste, and unredeemed decay, must be the image of the souls of those who have chosen the darkness, and whose cry shall be to the mountains to fall on them, and to the hills to cover them; and still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the white pasture-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types, and the blessings, of those who have chosen light, and of whom it is written, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness."

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As we pass beneath the hills which have been shaken by earthquake and torn by convulsion, we find that periods of perfect repose succeeded those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie clear beneath their fallen rocks, the water-lilies gleam, and the reeds whisper among their shadows; the village rises again over the forgotten graves, and its church-tower, white through the storm-twilight, proclaims a renewed appeal to His protection in whose hand "are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also." There is no loveliness of Alpine valley that does not teach the same lesson. It is just where "the mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place," that, in process of years, the fairest meadows bloom between the fragments, the clearest rivulets murmur from their crevices among the flowers, and the clustered cottages, each sheltered beneath some strength of mossy stone, now to be removed no more, and with their pastured flocks around them, safe from the eagle's stoop and the wolf's ravin, have written upon their fronts, in simple words, the mountaineer's faith in the ancient promise —

"Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh;" — "For thou shalt be in league with the Stones of the Field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

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"How were these mountain volumes raised and how are they supported?" The only answer is: "Behold the cloud." No

eye has ever seen one of them raised on a large scale; no investigation has brought completely to light the conditions under which the materials which support them were prepared. This only is the *simple* fact, that they *are* raised into such sloping positions; generally resting one upon another, like a row of books fallen down, the last book being usually propped by a piece of formless crystalline rock. . . . And yet no trace of the means by which all this was effected is left. The rock stands forth in its white and rugged mystery, as if its peak had been born out of the blue sky. The strength that raised it, and the sea that wrought upon it, have passed away, and left no sign; and we have no words wherein to describe their departure, no thoughts to form about their action, than those of the perpetual and unsatisfied interrogation, — “What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? And ye mountains, that ye skipped like lambs?”

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To myself, mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; . . . . I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book. . .

. But the slightest rise and fall in the road — a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it, — a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge, — above all a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one

got to the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope of the hills is in them.

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The best image which the world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and corn-fields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above; this excellence not being in any wise a matter referable to feeling, or individual preferences, but demonstrable by calm enumeration of the number of lovely colors on the rocks, the varied grouping of the trees, and quantity of noble incidents in stream, crag, or cloud, presented to the eye at any given moment.

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Consider the difference produced in the whole tone of a landscape color by the introduction of purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blue, which we owe to mountains. In an ordinary lowland landscape we have the blue of the sky, the green of grass — which I will suppose entirely fresh and bright; the green of trees; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows as well as in ploughed fields, and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in *addition* to all this, large unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and

purples passing into rose-color of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what tenderness in color means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples he cannot conceive. Together with this great source of preëminence in *mass* of color, we have to estimate the influence of the finished inlaying and enamel-work of the color-jewelry on every stone; and that of the continual variety in species of flower; most of the mountain flowers being, besides, separately lovelier than the lowland ones. The wood hyacinth and wild rose are, indeed, the only *supreme* flowers that the lowlands can generally show; and the wild rose is also a mountaineer, and more fragrant in the hills, while the wood hyacinth, or grape hyacinth, at its best cannot match even the dark bell-gentian, leaving the light-blue star-gentian in its uncontested queenliness. And the Alpine rose and Highland heather are wholly without similitude. The violet, lily of the valley, crocus, and wood anemone are, I suppose, claimable partly by the plains as well as the hills; but the large orange lily and narcissus I have never seen but on hill pastures, and the exquisite oxalis is preëminently a mountaineer; the Savoyard's name for its flower, "*Pain du Bon Dieu*," is very beautiful. To this su-

premacy in mosses and flowers we have next to add an inestimable gain in the continual presence and power of water. Neither in its clearness, its color, its fantasy of motion, its calmness of space, depth, and reflection, or its wrath, can water be conceived by a lowlander, out of sight of sea. A sea wave is far grander than any torrent — but of the sea and its influences we are not now speaking; and the sea itself, though it *can* be clear, is never calm, among our shores, in the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea seems only to pause; the mountain lake to sleep, and to dream. Out of sight of the ocean, a lowlander cannot be considered ever to have seen water at all. The mantling of the pools in the rock shadows, with the golden flakes of light sinking down through them like falling leaves, the ringing of the thin currents among the shallows, the flash and the cloud of the cascade, the earthquake and foam-fire of the cataract, the long lines of alternate mirror and mist that lull the imagery of the hills reversed in the blue of morning — all these things belong to those hills as their undivided inheritance.

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The mountain superiority in foliage is, on the whole, nearly as complete as it is in water. . . . — the mere quantity of foliage visible in the folds and promontories of a single Alp being greater than that of an entire lowland landscape — and to this charm of redundance is added that of clear *visibility* — tree after tree being constantly shown in successive height, one behind another, instead of the mere tops and

flanks of masses, as in the plains; and the forms of multitudes of them continually defined against the clear sky, near and above, or against white clouds entangled among their branches, instead of being confused in dimness of distance.

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There is no effect of sky possible in the lowlands which may not in equal perfection be seen among the hills; but there are effects by tens of thousands, forever invisible and inconceivable to the inhabitants of the plains, manifested among the hills in the course of one day. The mere power of familiarity with the clouds, of walking with them, and above them, alters and renders clear our whole conception of the baseless architecture of the sky; and for the beauty of it, there is more in a single wreath of early cloud, pacing its way up an avenue of pines, or pausing among the points of their fringes, than in all the white heaps that fill the arched sky of the plains from one horizon to the other. And of the nobler cloud manifestations—the breaking of their troublous seas against the crags, their black spray sparkling with lightning; or the going forth of the morning along their pavements of moving marble, level-laid between dome and dome of snow;—of these things there can be as little imagination or understanding in an inhabitant of the plains as of the scenery of another planet than his own.

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Of the grandeur or expression of the hills I have not spoken; how far they are great, or strong, or terrible, I do



not for the moment consider, because vastness, and strength and terror are not to all minds subjects of desired contemplation. . . . But loveliness of color, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, wonderfulness of structure, are precious to all undiseased human minds; and the superiority of the mountains in all these things to the lowlands is, I repeat, as measurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with that of a simply furnished chamber. They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals, full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper.

It will need no prolonged thought to convince us that in the hills the purposes of their Maker have indeed been accomplished in such measure as, through the sin or folly of men, He ever permits them to be accomplished. It may not seem, from the general language held concerning them, or from any directly traceable results, that mountains have had serious influence on human intellect; but it will not, I think, be difficult to show that their occult influence has been both constant and essential to the progress of the race.

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Consider, whether we can justly refuse to attribute to their mountain scenery some share in giving the Greeks and Italians their intellectual lead among the nations of Europe.

There is not a single spot of land in either of these countries from which mountains are not discernible. The mountain outlines seen from Sparta, Corinth, Athens, Rome, Florence, Pisa, Verona, are of consummate beauty; and whatever dislike or contempt may be traceable in the mind of the Greeks for mountain ruggedness, their placing the shrine of Apollo under the cliffs of Delphi, and his throne upon Parnassus, was a testimony to all succeeding time that they themselves attributed the best part of their intellectual inspiration to the powers of the hills. Nor would it be difficult to show that every great writer of either of these nations, however little definite regard he might manifest for the landscape of his country, had been mentally formed and disciplined by it, so that even such enjoyment as Homer's of the ploughed ground and poplar groves owes its intensity and delicacy to the excitement of the imagination produced, without his own consciousness, by other and grander features of the scenery to which he had been accustomed from a child; and differs in every respect from the tranquil, vegetative, and prosaic affection with which the same ploughed land and poplars would be regarded by a native of the Netherlands.

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Mountains have always possessed the power, first, of exciting religious enthusiasm; secondly, of purifying religious faith. These two operations are partly contrary to one another; for the faith of enthusiasm is apt to be impure, and the mountains, by exciting morbid conditions of the imagina-

tion, have caused in great part the legendary and romantic forms of belief; on the other hand, by fostering simplicity of life and dignity of morals, they have purified by action what they falsified by imagination. And, in fact, much of the apparently harmful influence of hills on the religion of the world is nothing else than their general gift of exciting the poetical and inventive faculties, in peculiarly solemn tones of mind. . . . Strictly speaking, we ought to consider the superstitions of the hills, universally, as a form of poetry; regretting only that men have not yet learned how to distinguish poetry from well-founded faith. And if we do this, and enable ourselves thus to review, without carping or sneering, the shapes of solemn imagination, which have arisen among the inhabitants of Europe, we shall find on the one hand, the mountains of Greece and Italy forming all the loveliest dreams, first of the Pagan, then of the Christian mythology; on the other, those of Scandinavia to be the first sources of whatever mental (as well as military) power was brought by the Normans into Southern Europe. Normandy itself is to all intents and purposes a hill country; composed, over large extents, of granite and basalt, often rugged and covered with heather on the summits, and traversed by beautiful and singular dells, at once soft and secluded, fruitful and wild. We have thus one branch of the Northern religious imagination rising among the Scandinavian fiords, tempered in France by various encounters with elements of Arabian, Italian, Provençal, or other Southern poetry, and then react-

ing upon Southern England; while other forms of the same rude religious imagination, resting like clouds upon the mountains of Scotland and Wales, met and mingled with the Norman Christianity, retaining even to the latest times some dark color of superstition, but giving all its poetical and military pathos to Scottish poetry, and a peculiar sternness and wildness of tone to the Reformed faith, in its manifestations among the Scottish hills.

It is on less disputable ground that I may claim the reader's gratitude to the mountains, as having been the centres not only of imaginative energy, but of purity both in doctrine and practice. The enthusiasm of the persecuted Covenanter, and his variously modified claims to miraculous protection or prophetic inspiration, hold exactly the same relation to the smooth proprieties of Lowland Protestantism, that the demon-combats, fastings, visions, and miracles of the mountain monk or anchorite hold to the wealth and worldliness of the Vatican. It might indeed happen, whether at Canterbury, Rheims, or Rome, that a good bishop should occasionally grasp the crozier; and a vast amount of prudent, educated, and admirable piety is to be found among the ranks of the lowland clergy. But still the large aspect of the matter is always among Protestants, that formalism, respectability, orthodoxy, caution and propriety, live by the slow stream that encircles the lowland abbey or cathedral; and that enthusiasm, poverty, vital faith, and audacity of conduct, characterize the pastor dwelling by the torrent side. In like

manner, taking the large aspects of Romanism, we see that its worst corruptions, its cunning, its worldliness, and its permission of crime, are traceable for the most part to low-land prelacy; but its self-denials, its obediences, humilities, sincere claims to miraculous power, and faithful discharges of duty, are traceable chiefly to its anchorites and mountain clergy.



Mark the significance of the earliest mention of mountains in the Mosaic books; at least of those in which some Divine appointment or command is stated respecting them. They are first brought before us as refuges for God's people from the two judgments of water and fire. The ark *rests* upon the "mountains of Ararat;" and man, having passed through that great baptism unto death, kneels upon the earth first where it is nearest heaven, and mingles with the mountain clouds the smoke of his sacrifice of thanksgiving. Again: from the midst of the first judgment by fire, the command of the Deity to His servant is, "Escape to the mountain;" and the morbid fear of the hills, which fills any human mind, after long stay in places of luxury and sin, is strongly marked in Lot's complaining reply: "I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me." The third mention, in way of ordinance, is a far more solemn one; "Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off." "The Place," the Mountain of Myrrh, or of bitterness, chosen to fulfil to all the seed of Abraham, far off and near, the inner meaning of promise re-

garded in that vow: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh mine help." And the fourth is the delivery of the law on Sinai.

It seemed, then, to the monks, that the mountains were appointed by their Maker to be to man, refuges from Judgment, signs of Redemption, and altars of Sanctification and Obedience; and they saw them afterwards connected, in the manner the most touching and gracious, with the death, after his task had been accomplished, of the first anointed Priest; the death, in like manner, of the first inspired Lawgiver; and, lastly, with the assumption of His office by the Eternal Priest, Lawgiver, and Saviour.

Observe the connection of these three events. Although the *time* of the deaths of Aaron and Moses was hastened by God's displeasure, we have not, it seems to me, the slightest warrant for concluding that the *manner* of their deaths was intended to be grievous or dishonorable to them. Far from this: it cannot, I think, be doubted that in the denial of the permission to enter the Promised Land, the whole punishment of their sin was included; and that as far as regarded the manner of their deaths, it must have been appointed for them by their Master in all tenderness and love; and with full purpose of ennobling the close of their service upon earth. It might have seemed to *us* more honorable that both should have been permitted to die beneath the shadow of the Tabernacle, the congregation of Israel watching by their side; and all whom they loved gathered together to receive the last

message from the lips of the meek lawgiver, and the last blessing from the prayer of the anointed priest. But it was not thus they were permitted to die. Try to realize that going forth of Aaron from the midst of the congregation. He who had so often done sacrifice for their sin, going forth now to offer up his own spirit. He who had stood, among them, between the dead and the living, and had seen the eyes of all that great multitude turned to him, that by his intercession their breath might yet be drawn a moment more, going forth now to meet the Angel of Death face to face, and deliver himself into his hand. Try if you cannot walk, in thought, with those two brothers, and the son, as they passed the outmost tents of Israel, and turned, while yet the dew lay round about the camp, towards the slopes of Mount Hor; talking together for the last time, as step by step, they felt the steeper rising of the rocks, and hour after hour, beneath the ascending sun, the horizon grew broader as they climbed, and all the folded hills of Idumea, one by one subdued, showed amidst their hollows in the haze of noon, the windings of that long desert journey, now at last to close. But who shall enter into the thoughts of the High Priest, as his eye followed those paths of ancient pilgrimage; and, through the silence of the arid and endless hills, stretching even to the dim peak of Sinai, the whole history of those forty years was unfolded before him, and the mystery of his own ministries revealed to him; and that other Holy of Holies, of which the mountain peaks were the altars, and



the mountain clouds the veil, the firmament of his Father's dwelling, opened to him still more brightly and infinitely as he drew nearer his death; until at last, on the shadeless summit, — from him on whom sin was to be laid no more — from him, on whose heart the names of sinful nations were to press their graven fire no longer, — the brother and the son took breastplate and ephod, and left him to his rest.

There is indeed a secretness in this calm faith and deep restraint of sorrow, into which it is difficult for us to enter; but the death of Moses himself is more easily to be conceived, and had in it circumstances still more touching, as far as regards the external scene. For forty years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. The multitude had been laid upon him as if he had conceived them; their tears had been his meat, night and day, until he had felt as if God had withdrawn His favor from him, and he had prayed that he might be slain, and not see his wretchedness. And now, at last, the command came, "Get thee up into this mountain." The weary hands that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer — for the shepherd's slumber. Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain-path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the

cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines; scenes such as those among which, with none, as now, beside him but God, he had led his flocks so often; and which he had left, how painfully! taking upon him the appointed power, to make of the fenced city a wilderness, and to fill the desert with songs of deliverance. It was not to embitter the last hours of his life that God restored to him, for a day, the beloved solitudes he had lost; and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around him, and cast the world in which he had labored and sinned far beneath his feet, in that mist of dying blue; — all sin, all wandering soon to be forgotten for ever; the Dead Sea — a type of God's anger understood by him, of all men, most clearly, who had seen the earth open her mouth, and the sea his depth, to overwhelm the companies of those who contended with his Master — laid waveless beneath him; and beyond it, the fair hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of Jordan, purple in the evening light as with the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant fulness into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unabated strength, his undimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to contend for the spoils of his spirit, he put off his earthly armor. We do deep reverence to his companion prophet, for whom the chariot of fire came down from heaven; but was his death less noble, whom his Lord Himself buried in the vales of Moab, keeping, in the secrets of the eternal counsels, the knowledge of a sepulchre, from which he was to be called,

in the fulness of time, to talk with that Lord, upon Hermon, of the death that He should accomplish at Jerusalem?

And lastly let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to the cause of the resurrection of these two prophets. We are all of us too much in the habit of passing it by, as a thing mystical and inconceivable, taking place in the life of Christ for some purpose not by us to be understood, or, at the best, merely as a manifestation of His divinity by brightness of heavenly light, and the ministering of the spirits of the dead, intended to strengthen the faith of His three chosen apostles. And in this, as in many other events recorded by the Evangelists, we lose half the meaning and evade the practical power upon ourselves, by never accepting in its fulness the idea that our Lord was "perfect man," "tempted in all things like as we are." Our preachers are continually trying, in all manner of subtle ways, to explain the union of the Divinity with the Manhood, an explanation which certainly involves first their being able to describe the nature of Deity itself, or, in plain words, to comprehend God. They never can explain, in any one particular, the union of the natures; they only succeed in weakening the faith of their hearers as to the entireness of either. The thing they have to do is precisely the contrary of this — to insist upon the *entireness* of both. We never think of Christ enough as God, never enough as Man; the instinctive habit of our minds being always to miss of the Divinity, and the reasoning and enforced habit to miss of the Humanity. We are afraid to harbor in our own

hearts, or to utter in the hearing of others, any thought of our Lord, as hungering, tired, sorrowful, having a human soul, a human will, and affected by events of human life as a finite creature is; and yet one half of the efficiency of His atonement, and the whole of the efficiency of His example, depends on His having been this to the full.

Consider, therefore, the Transfiguration as it relates to the human feelings of our Lord. It was the first definite preparation for His death. He had foretold it to His disciples six days before; then takes with Him the three chosen ones into "an high mountain apart." From an exceeding high mountain, at the first taking on Him the ministry of life, He had beheld, and rejected the kingdoms of the earth, and their glory; now, on a high mountain, He takes upon Him the ministry of death. Peter and they that were with Him, as in Gethsemane were heavy with sleep. Christ's work had to be done alone.

The tradition is, that the Mount of Transfiguration was the summit of Tabor; but Tabor is neither a high mountain, nor was it in any sense a mountain "apart;" being in those years both inhabited and fortified. All the immediately preceding ministries of Christ had been at Cesarea Philippi. There is no mention of travel southward in the six days that intervened between the warning given to His disciples, and the going up into the hill. What other hill could it be than the southward slope of that goodly mountain, Hermon, which is indeed the centre of all the Promised Land, from the enter-

ing in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt; the mount of fruitfulness, from which the springs of Jordan descended to the valleys of Israel. Along its mighty forest avenues, until the grass grew fair with the mountain lilies, His feet dashed in the dew of Hermon, He must have gone to pray His first recorded prayer about death; and from the steep of it, before He knelt, could see to the South all the dwelling-places of the people that had sat in darkness, and seen the great light, the land of Zabulon and of Naphtali, Galilee of the nations; — could see, even with His human sight, the gleam of that lake by Capernaum and Chorazin, and many a place loved by Him, and vainly ministered to, whose house was now left unto them desolate; and, chief of all, far in the utmost blue, the hills above Nazareth, sloping down to His old home; hills on which yet the stones lay loose, that had been taken up to cast at Him, when He left them for ever.

“And as He prayed, two men stood by Him.” Among the many ways in which we miss the help and hold of Scripture, none is more subtle than our habit of supposing that, even as man, Christ was free from the Fear of Death. How could He then have been tempted as we are? since among all the trials of the earth, none spring from the dust more terrible than that of Fear. It had to be borne by Him, indeed, in a unity, which we can never comprehend, with the fore-knowledge of victory — as His sorrow for Lazarus, with the consciousness of the power to restore him; but it *had* to be borne, and that in its full earthly terror; and the presence of

it is surely marked for us enough by the rising of those two at His side. When, in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave.

But from the grave conquered. One, from that tomb under Abarim, which His own hand had sealed so long ago; the other from the rest into which he had entered, without seeing corruption. There stood by Him Moses and Elias, and spake of His decease. Then, when the prayer is ended, the task accepted, first, since the star paused over Him at Bethlehem, the full glory falls upon Him from heaven, and the testimony is borne to His everlasting Sonship and power. — “Hear ye Him.”

If, in their remembrance of these things, and in their endeavor to follow in the footsteps of their Master, religious men of by-gone days, closing themselves in the hill solitudes, forgot sometimes, and sometimes feared, the duties they owed to the active world, we may perhaps pardon them the more easily than we ought to pardon ourselves, if we neither seek any influence for good, nor submit to it unsought, in scenes to which thus all the men whose writings we receive as inspired, together with their Lord, retired whenever they had any task or trial laid upon them needing more than their usual strength of spirit. Nor, perhaps, should we have unprofitably entered into the mind of the earlier ages, if among

our other thoughts, as we watch the chains of the snowy mountains rise on the horizon, we should sometimes admit the memory of the hour in which their Creator, among their solitudes, entered on His travail for the salvation of our race; and indulge the dream, that as the flaming and trembling mountains of the earth seem to be the monuments of the manifesting of His terror on Sinai—these pure and white hills, near to the heaven, and sources of all good to the earth, are the appointed memorials of that Light of His Mercy, that fell, snow-like, on the Mount of Transfiguration.

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The higher mountains have their scenes of power and vastness, their blue precipices and cloud-like snows; why should they also have the best and fairest colors given to their foreground rocks, and overburden the human mind with wonder, while the less majestic scenery, tempting us to the observance of details for which amidst the higher mountains we had no admiration left, is yet in the beauty of those very details, as inferior as it is in its scale of magnitude? I believe the answer must be, simply, that it is not good for man to live among what is most beautiful; that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were



brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it would be small. And an accurately paralleled effect seems to be produced, upon the powers of contemplation, by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralyzed by the abundance, and cease to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions, — that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that while humbler sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stronger glories should become the object of adventure, — at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory, and the winter's tale of age.

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One does not, instinctively, think or speak of a “beautiful Precipice.” They have, however, their beauty, and it is infinite. . . . I commend, therefore, the precipice to the artist's patience — though one of the most difficult of subjects, it is one of the kindest of sitters. A group of trees

changes the color of its leafage from week to week, and its position from day to day; it is sometimes languid with heat, and sometimes heavy with rain, the torrent swells or falls in shower or sun; the best leaves of the foreground may be dined upon by cattle, or trampled by unwelcome investigators of the chosen scene. But the cliff can neither be eaten or trampled down; neither bowed by the shower or withered by the heat; it is always ready for us when we are inclined to labor; will always wait for us when we would rest; and, what is best of all, will always talk to us when we are inclined to converse. With its own patient and victorious presence, cleaving daily through cloud after cloud, and reappearing still through the tempest drift, lofty and serene amidst the passing rents of blue, it seems partly to rebuke, and partly to guard, and partly to calm and chasten, the agitations of the feeble human soul that watches it; and that must be indeed a dark perplexity, or a greivous pain, which will not be in some degree enlightened or relieved by the vision of it, when the evening shadows are blue on its foundation, and the last rays of the sunset resting in the fair height of its golden Fortitude.

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I can hardly conceive any one standing face to face with one of these towers of central rock, and yet not also asking himself:—“Is this indeed the actual first work of the Divine Master on which I gaze? Was this great precipice shaped by His finger as Adam was shaped out of the dust? Were its

clefts and ledges carved upon it by its Creator, as the letters were in the Table of the Law, and was it thus left to bear its eternal teaching to His beneficence among the clouds of heaven? ”



No human capacity ever yet saw the whole of a thing; but we may see more and more of it the longer we look. Every individual temper will see something different in it; but supposing the tempers honest, all the differences are there. Every advance in our acuteness of perception will show us something new; but the old and first discerned things will still be there, not falsified, only modified and enriched by the new perceptions, becoming continually more beautiful in its harmony with them, and more approved as a part of the Infinite truth.

There are no natural objects out of which more can be thus learned than out of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in nature can be seen to some extent, without patience, and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has for carelessness nothing in it but stumbling; no pleasure is languidly to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart, and the unfatherly gift. And yet, do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is bread of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of the landscape.

For a stone, when it is examined, will be found a mountain in miniature. The fineness of Nature's work is so great, that, in a single block, a foot or two in diameter, she can compress as many changes of form and structure, on a small scale, as she needs for her mountains on a large one; and taking moss for forests, and grains of crystal for crags, the surface of a stone, in by far the plurality of instances, is more interesting than the surface of an ordinary hill, more fantastic in form, and incomparably richer in color.

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Two lessons are to be gathered from mountain decay . . . In the first, we find the unyielding rock; undergoing no sudden danger, and capable of no total fall, yet, in its hardness of heart, worn away by perpetual trampling of torrent waves, and stress of wandering storm. Its fragments, fruitless and restless, are tossed into ever-changing heaps; no labor of man can subdue them to his service, nor can his utmost patience secure any dwelling-place among them. In this they are the type of all that humanity, which, suffering under no sudden punishment or sorrow, remains "stony ground," afflicted, indeed, continually by minor and vexing cares, but only broken by them into fruitless ruin of fatigued life. Of this ground not "corn-giving," this "rough valley, neither eared nor sown," of the common world, it is said to those who have set up their idols in the wreck of it. "Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion. They, they are thy lot."



A child's division of plants is into "trees and flowers." . . . For our present purposes, justifiable or not, it is the most suggestive and convenient. Plants are, indeed, broadly referable to two great classes. The first we may, perhaps, not inexpediently call *Tented Plants*. . . . The other great class of plants we may perhaps best call *Building Plants*. These will *not* live on the ground, but eagerly raise edifices above it. Each works hard with solemn forethought all its life. Perishing, it leaves its work in the form which will be most useful to its successors — its own monument, and their inheritance. These architectural edifices we call "*Trees*."



In crowded foliage of large trees the disposition of each separate leaf is not so manifest. For there is a strange coincidence in this between trees and communities of men. When the community is small, people fall more easily into their places, and take, each in his place, a firmer standing than can be obtained by the individuals of a great nation. The members of a vast community are separately weaker, as an aspen or elm leaf is thin, tremulous, and directionless, compared with the spear-like setting and firm substance of a rhododendron or laurel leaf. The laurel and rhododendron are like the Athenian or Florentine republics; the aspen like England — strong-trunked enough when put to proof, and very good for making cart-wheels of, but shaking pale with epidemic pains at every breeze. Nevertheless, the aspen has

the better of the great nation, in that if you take it bough by bough, you shall find the gentle law of respect and room-for each other truly observed by the leaves in such broken way as they can manage it; but in the nation you will find every one scrambling for his neighbor's place.

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In many forms of flowers—foxglove, aloe, hemlock, or blossom of maize—the structure of the flowering part so far assimilates itself to that of a tree, that we not unnaturally think of a tree only as a large flower, or large remnant of flower run to seed.

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Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular, that trees intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains should be in broad outline the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his cornfields, or roofing his garden walks, or casting its shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a

ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem; — it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.

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The pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. . . . I wish the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine, its straightness and rounded perfectness; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely. . . . I say first, its straightness. Because we constantly see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as characteristic examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease. . . . Nevertheless, this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. I said long ago, even of Turner, "Into the spirit of the pine he cannot enter," . . . the pine was strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line: he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent! nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of man, looking



up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it — upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other — dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them: — those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them — fragile, weak, inconsistent compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride: — unnumbered, unconquerable.

Then note, farther, their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge; — so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery; for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs, so that there is nothing but green

cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and chequers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine-glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear; but is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine glade in Chamouni "Fairies' Hollow."

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Notice in the pine its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes. You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason, it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual lustre of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud-dew upon them,—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them;

and themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendour to the sun itself. Yet I have been more struck by their character of finished delicacy at a distance from the Central Alps, among the pastoral hills of the Emmenthal, or lowland districts of Berne, where they are set in groups between the cottages, whose shingle roofs (they also of pine) of deep gray blue, and lightly carved fronts, golden and orange in the autumn sunshine, gleam on the banks and lawns of hill-side,—endless lawns, mounded, and studded, and bossed all over with deeper green hay-heaps, orderly set, like jewelry. And amidst this delicate delight of cottage and field, the young pines stand delicatest of all, scented as with frankincense, their slender stems straight as arrows, and crystal white, looking as if they would break with a touch, like needles; and their arabesque of dark leaf pierced through and through by the pale radiance of clear sky, opal blue, where they follow each other, along the soft hill-ridges, up and down.

I have watched them in such scenes with the deeper interest, because of all trees they have hitherto had most influence on human character. The effect of other vegetation, however great, has been divided by mingled species; elm and oak in England, poplar in France, birch in Scotland, olive in Italy and Spain, share their power with inferior trees. . . . But the tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and moulds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern people, century after century, lived under one or

other of the two great powers of the Pine and the Sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests, or they wandered on the waves, and saw no end, nor any other horizon: — still the dark green trees, or the dark green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe, or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian and the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.

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Tree-worship may have taken a dark form when associated with the Draconian one; or opposed as in Judea, to a purer faith; but in itself, I believe it is always healthy, and though it retains little definite hieroglyphic power in subsequent religion, it becomes instead of symbolic, real; the flowers and trees are themselves beheld and beloved with a half-worshipping delight, which is always noble and healthful.

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A very old forest tree is a thing subject to the same laws of nature as ourselves; it is an energetic being; liable to and approaching death; its age is written on every spring; and because we see it is susceptible of life and annihilation like we are, we imagine it must be capable of the same feelings and possess the same faculties, and above all other meanings it is always telling us about the past, never pointing to the future; we appeal to it, as to a thing which has seen and

felt during a life similar to our own, though of ten times its duration, and therefore receive from it a perpetual impression of antiquity.

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The resources of trees are not developed until they have difficulty to contend with; neither their tenderness of brotherly love and harmony, till they are forced to choose their ways of various life where there is contracted room for them; talking to each other with restrained branches. The various action of trees rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges; nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried felicities of the low-land forest.

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Being . . . prepared for us in all ways, and made beautiful, and good for food, and for building, and for instruments of our hands, this race of plants, deserving boundless affection and admiration from us, become, in proportion to their obtaining it, a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life; so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees enough, and every one

is assuredly wrong in both, who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way. It is clearly possible to do without them, for the great companionship of the sea and sky are all that sailors need; and many a noble heart has been taught the best it had to learn between dark and stone walls. Still if human life be cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity. And it is a sorrowful proof of the mistaken ways of the world that the "country," in the simple sense of a place of fields and trees, has hitherto been the source of reproach to its inhabitants, and that words the "countryman," "rustic," "clown," "paysan," "villager," still signify a rude and untaught person, as opposed to the words "townsman" and "citizen."

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Sometimes I cannot but think that the trees of the earth are capable of a kind of sorrow.

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I challenge the untravelled English reader to tell me what an olive-tree is like?

I know he cannot answer my challenge. He has no more idea of an olive-tree than if olives grew only in the fixed stars. Let him meditate a little on this one fact, and consider its strangeness, and what a wilful and constant closing of the eyes to the most important truths it indicates on the part of the modern artist. Observe, a want of perception, not of science. I do not want painters to tell me any scientific facts about olive-trees. But it had been well for them to

have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the helmed Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler Wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens. To have loved it even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; and to have traced, line by line, the gnarled writhings of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs — the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, — and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver gray, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains; these it had been well for them to have seen and drawn, whatever they have left unstudied in the gallery.

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Leaves are the feeders of the plant. Their own orderly habits of succession must not interfere with their main business of finding food. Where the sun and air are, the leaf must go, whether it be out of order or not. So, therefore, in any group, the first consideration with the young leaves is much like that of young bees, how to keep out of each other's way, that every one may leave its neighbors as much free-air pasture as possible, and obtain a relative freedom for itself.



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Every single leaf-cluster presents the general aspect of a little family, entirely at unity among themselves, but obliged to get their living by various shifts, concessions, and infringements of the family rules, in order not to invade the privileges of other people in their neighborhood.

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The order of the leaves is one of soft and subdued concession. Patiently each awaits its appointed time, accepts its prepared place, yields its required observance. Under every oppression of external accident, the group yet follows a law laid down in its own heart; and all the members of it, whether in sickness or health, in strength or languor, combine to carry out this first and last heart-law; receiving, and seeming to desire for themselves and for each other, only life which they may communicate, and loveliness which they may reflect.

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There is an exquisite sensibility among the leaves. They do not grow each to his own liking, till they run against one another, and then turn back sulkily; but by a watchful instinct, far apart, they anticipate their companions' courses, as ships at sea, and in every new unfolding of their edged tissues, guide themselves by the sense of each other's remote presence and by a watchful penetration of leafy purpose in the far future. So that every shadow which one casts on the next, and every glint of sun which each reflects to the next, and every touch which in toss of storm each receives

from the next, aid or arrest the development of their advancing form, and direct, as will be safest and best, the curve of every fold and the current of every vein.

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We find the beauty of the buildings of the leaves consists, from the first step of it to the last, in its showing their perfect fellowship; and a single aim uniting them under circumstances of various distress, trial, and pleasure. Without the fellowship, no beauty; without the steady purpose, no beauty; without trouble, and death, no beauty; without individual pleasure, freedom, and caprice, so far as may be consistent with the universal good, no beauty.

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We men, sometimes, in what we presume to be humility compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use nor keep the work of past time, may humbly learn — as from the ant, foresight — from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but confirming and concluding, the labors of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations. we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart, and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of custom and sinews of tradition had withered away. Had

men but guarded the righteous laws, and protected the precious works of their fathers, with half the industry they have given to change and ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servitudes the accomplishment of the promises made to them so long ago: "As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands; they shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

This lesson we have to take from the leaf's life. One more we may receive from its death. If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys; the fringes of the hills! So stately, — so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth,—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we die, but where we lived.



Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Noth-

ing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine,—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance, that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive,—the miracle of the loaves,—commanded the people to sit down by companies, “upon the green grass.” He was about to feed them with the principle produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit, for their sustenance: thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation, and suste-

nance of man, to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth.

And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them, the walks by silent scented paths, — the rests in noonday heat, the joy of flocks and herds, — the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust, — pastures beside the pacing brooks — soft banks and knolls of lowly hills — thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, — crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and

as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom, — paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness, — look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

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There are several lessons symbolically connected with this subject, which we must not allow to escape us. Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its *humility* and *cheerfulness*. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service — appointed to be trodden on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth — glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn, and turn colorless or leafless as they. It is always green; and it is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.



The two characters — of humility and joy under trial — are exactly those which most definitely distinguish the Christian from the Pagan spirit. Whatever virtue the pagan possessed was rooted in pride, and fruited with sorrow. It began in the elevation of his own nature; it ended but in the “verde smalto” — the hopeless green — of the Elysian fields. But the Christian virtue is rooted in self-debasement and strengthened under suffering by gladness of hope. And remembering this, it is curious to observe how utterly without gladness the Greek heart appears to be in watching the flowering grass and what strange discords of expression arise sometimes in consequence. There is one recurring once or twice in Homer, which has always pained me. He says, “the Greek army was on the fields as thick as flowers in the spring.” It might be so; but flowers in spring time are not the image by which Dante would have numbered soldiers on the path of battle. Dante could not have thought of the flowering of the grass but as associated with happiness. There is a still deeper significance in a passage from Homer, describing Ulysses casting himself down on the *rushes* and the corn-giving land at the river shore, — the rushes and corn being to him only good for rest and sustenance, — when we compare it with that in which Dante tells us he was ordered to descend to the shore of the lake as he entered Purgatory, to gather a *rush*, and gird himself with it, it being to him the emblem, not only of rest, but of humility under chastisement,



the rush (or reed) being the only plant which can grow there; “no plant which bears leaves, or hardens its bark, can live on that shore, because it does not yield to the chastisement of its waves.” It cannot but strike the reader singularly how deep and harmonious a significance runs through all these words of Dante — how every syllable of them, the more we penetrate it, becomes a seed of farther thought! For, follow up this image of girding with the reed, under trial, and see to whose feet it will lead us. As the grass of the earth, thought of as the herb yielding seed, leads us to the place where our Lord commanded the multitude to sit down by companies upon the green grass; so the grass of the waters, thought of as sustaining itself among the waters of affliction, leads us to the place where a stem of it was put into our Lord’s hand for His sceptre; and in the crown of thorns, and the rod of reed, was foreshown the everlasting truth of the Christian ages — that all glory was to be begun in suffering, and all power in humility.

Assembling the images we have traced, and adding the simplest of all, from Isaiah xl. 6, we find, the grass and flowers are types, in their passing, of the passing of human life, and in their excellence, of the excellence of human life; and this in a twofold way; first by their Beneficence, and then, by their Endurance; — the grass of the earth, in giving the seed of corn, and in its beauty under tread of foot and stroke of scythe; and the grass of the waters, in giving its freshness for our rest, and in its bending before the wave.

But understood in the broad human and Divine sense, the “*herb yielding seed*” includes a third family of plants, and fulfils a third office to the human race. It includes the great family of the lints and flaxes, and fulfils thus the *three* offices of giving food, raiment, and rest. Follow out this fulfilment; consider the association of the linen garment and the linen embroidery, with the priestly office, and the furniture of the tabernacle; and consider how the rush has been, in all time, the first natural carpet thrown under the human foot. Then next observe the three virtues definitely set forth by the three families of plants; not arbitrarily, or fancifully associated with them, but in all the three cases marked for us by Scriptural words: “1st. Cheerfulness or joyful serenity; in the grass for food and beauty. “Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not; neither do they spin.” 2d. Humility: in the grass for rest. “A bruised reed shall He not break.” 3d. Love: in the grass for clothing. “The smoking flax shall He not quench.” And then, finally, observe the confirmation of these last two images in, I suppose, the most important prophecy, relating to the future state of the Christian Church, which occurs in the Old Testament, namely, that contained in the closing chapters of Ezekiel. The measures of the Temple of God are to be taken; and because it is only by charity and humility that those measures ever can be taken, the angel has “a line of *flax* in his hand, and a measuring *reed*.” The use of the line was to measure the land, and of the reed to take the dimensions of the buildings;

so the buildings of the church, or its labors, are to be measured by *humility*, and its territory or land, by *love*.

The limits of the Church have, indeed, in later days, been measured, to the world's sorrow, by another than flaxen line, burning with the fire of unholy zeal, not with that of Christian charity; and perhaps the best lesson which we can finally take to ourselves, in leaving these sweet fields of the mediæval landscape is the memory that, in spite of all the fettered habits of thought of his age,<sup>1</sup> this great Dante, this inspired exponent of what lay deepest at the heart of the early church, placed his terrestrial paradise where there had ceased to be fence or division, and where the grass of the earth was bowed down, in unity of direction, only by the soft waves that bore with them the forgetfulness of evil.

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The Greek delighted in the grass for its usefulness; the mediæval, as also we moderns, for its color and beauty. But both dwell on it as the *first* element of the lovely landscape; Dante thinks the righteous spirits of the heathen enough comforted in Hades by having even the *image* of green grass put beneath their feet; the happy resting-place in Purgatory has no other delight than its grass and flowers; and, finally, in the terrestrial paradise, the feet of Matilda pause where the Lethe stream first bends the blades of grass.

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Spires of the fine grasses . . . minute, granular, feathery, or downy-seed-vessels, mingling quaint brown punctua-

tions, and dusty tremors of dancing grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields; and casting a gossamered grayness and softness of plummy mist along their surfaces far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning, or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain-bells, all a-chime.

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Lichen, and mosses — Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin,— laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green, — the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass — the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow. And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-

bearing grasses have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver of lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone, and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunset of a thousand years.

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Mosses seem to set themselves consentfully and deliberately to the task of producing the most exquisite harmonies of color in their power. They will not conceal the form of the rock, but will gather over it in little brown bosses, like small cushions of velvet made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crisped and curled edges like hoar frost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright oranges stalks with

pointed caps, and fibres of deep green, and gold, and faint purple passing into black, all woven together, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the undulations of the stone they cherish, until it is charged with color so that it can receive no more; and instead of looking rugged, or cold, or stern, as anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft, dark, leopard's skin, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver. But in the lower ranges this is not so. The mosses grow in more independent spots, not in such a clinging and tender way over the whole surface.



What can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well; the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer the closer. There may indeed have been a Fall of Flowers, as a Fall of Man; but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies, which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the Earth was white and red with them, if we cared to have it so.



It is better to know the habits of one plant than the names of a thousand; and wiser to be happily familiar with those that grown in the nearest field, than arduously cognizant of all that plume the isles of the Pacific, or illumine the Mountains of the Moon.

\* \* \*

The flower is the end or proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. The reason for seeds is that flowers may be; not the reason of flowers that seeds may be. The flower itself is the creature which the spirit makes; only, in connection with its perfectness, is placed the giving birth to its successor.

The main fact, then, about a flower is that it is the part of the plant's form developed at the moment of its intensest life; and this inner rapture is usually marked externally for us by the flush of one or more of the primary colors. What the character of the flower shall be, depends entirely upon the portion of the plant into which this rapture of spirit has been put. Sometimes the life is put into its outer sheath, and then the outer sheath becomes white and pure, and full of strength and grace; sometimes the life is put into the common leaves just under the blossom, and they become scarlet or purple; sometimes the life is put into the stalks of the flower, and they flush blue; sometimes into its outer enclosure or calyx; mostly into its inner cup; but, in all cases, the presence of the strongest life is asserted by characters in which the human sight takes pleasure, and which seem prepared with distinct reference to us, or rather, bear, in being delightful, evidence of having been produced by the power of the same spirit as our own.

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Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented ordinary people



love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottagers' treasures; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of a rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rest the covenant of peace.

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Compare Milton's flowers in *Lycidas* with *Perdita's*. In Milton it happens, I think, generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay.

“Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet, —  
The glowing violet,  
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :”

Then hear *Perdita* : —

“O, Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall  
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; ”

Observe how the imagination in these last lines goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidity, the shadow of Proserpina's; and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots, or their bodily shape, while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that without this bit of paper-staining, would have been the most precious to us of all. “ There is pansies, that's for thoughts.”

\* \* \*

The sympathy of very lofty and sensitive minds usually reaches so far as to the conception of life in the plant, and so to love, as with Shelley, of the sensitive plant, and Shakespeare always, as he taught us in the sweet voices of Ophelia and Perdita, and Wordsworth always, as of the daffodils, and the celendine.

“ It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold.  
This neither is its courage, nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.”

And so all other great poets — that is to say great seers; nor do I believe that any mind, however rude, is without some slight perception or acknowledgment of joyfulness in breath-

less things, as most certainly there are; none but feel instinctive delight in the appearance of such enjoyment. . . . The pleasure afforded by every organic form is in proportion to its appearance of healthy vital energy; as in a rose-bush, setting aside all considerations of gradated flushing of color and fair folding of line, which it shares with the cloud or the snow-wreath; we find in and through all this, certain signs pleasant and acceptable as signs of life and enjoyment in the particular individual plant itself.

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I have in my hand a small red poppy which I gathered on Whit Sunday on the palace of the Cæsars. It is an intensely simple, intensely floral, flower. All silk and flame, a scarlet cup, perfect-edged all round, seen among the wild grass far away, like a burning coal fallen from Heaven's altars. You cannot have a more complete, a more stainless, type of flower absolute; inside and outside, *all* flower. No sparing of color anywhere — no outside coarseness — no interior secrecies; open as the sunshine that creates it; fine-finished on both sides, down to the extremest point of insertion; and robed in the purple of the Cæsars.

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Perhaps few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they consider, they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately graduated state, the loveliest of all pure colors; and secondly, that in the rose there is *no shadow*, except what is composed

of color. All its shadows are fuller in color than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of its leaves.

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\* \* \*

The bird. . . . It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outruns it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself. Also in the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose. Also upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air; on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds . . . the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following

and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand; even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up, between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch. And so the spirit of the Air is put into, and upon, this created form; and it becomes, through twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, descending as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove to bless.

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The bird has exactly the degree of emotion, the extent of science, and the command of art, which are necessary for its happiness. . . . It was a bullfinch's nest, which had been set in the fork of a sapling tree, where it needed an extended foundation. And the bird had built this storey of her nest with withered stalks of clematis blossom; and with nothing else. The twigs it had interwoven lightly, leaving the branches heads all at the outside, producing an intricate Gothic boss of extreme grace and quaintness, apparently arranged with triumphant pleasure, in the art of basket making, and with definite purpose of obtaining ornamental form.

. . . .

Why should not *our* nests be as interesting things to angels, as bullfinch's are to us?

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I do not think it is distinctly enough felt by us that the beak of a bird is not only its mouth, but its hand, or rather its two hands. For, as its arms and hands are turned into

wings, all it has to depend upon, in economical and practical life, is its beak. The beak, therefore, is at once its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing-case; partly also its musical instrument; all this besides its function of seizing and preparing the food, in which functions alone it has to be a trap, carving-knife, and teeth all in one.

\* \* \*

The swallow . . . understand the beauty of the bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its insect pestilence, the air that you breathe. Thus the sweet domestic thing has done, for men, at least these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth, and the threshold; companion only endeared by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence, the cowardice, or the wrath, of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom; — and yet, so little have we regarded her, that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life — nothing of her journeying; I cannot learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of

her return. Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion, and shade of the bird's plume; — and after all, it is well for us, if, when even for God's best mercies, and in His temples marble-built, we think that, “with angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify His glorious name” — well for us, if our attempt be not only an insult, and His ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise of “the Swallow twittering from her straw-built shed.”

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\* \* \*

If you are not inclined to look at the wings of birds, which God has given you to handle and to see, much less are you to contemplate, or draw imaginations of the wings of angels, which you can't see. Know your own world first — not denying any other, but being quite sure that the place in which you are now put is the place with which you are now concerned; and that it will be wiser in you to think the gods themselves may appear in the form of a dove, or a swallow, than that, by false theft from the form of dove or swallow, you can represent the aspect of gods.

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Scarlet color, — or pure red, intensified by expression of light, is of all the three primitive colors, that which is most



distinctive. Yellow is of the nature of simple light; blue, connected with simple shade, but red is an entirely abstract color. It is red to which the color blind are blind, as if to show us that it was not necessary merely for the service or comfort of man, but that there was a special gift or teaching in this color. Observe farther that it is the color which the sunbeams take in passing through the *earth's atmosphere*. The rose of dawn and sunset is the hue of the rays passing over the earth. It is also concentrated in the blood of man.



I have already insisted upon the sacredness of color, and its necessary connection with all pure and noble feeling . . . but perhaps I have not yet insisted on the simplest and readiest to hand of all proofs — the way namely, in which God has employed color in His creation as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious; while for things precious only in material uses, or dangerous, common colors are reserved. Consider for a little while what sort of a world it would be if all flowers were gray, all leaves black, and the sky *brown*. . . . Then observe how constantly innocent things are bright in color, I do not mean that the rule is invariable . . . there are beautiful colors on the leopard and tiger, and the berries of the nightshade . . . but take a wider view of nature, and compare generally rainbows, sunrises, roses, violets, butterflies, birds, gold-fish, rubies, opals, and corals, with alligators, hippopotami, lions, wolves, stinging things in

general, and you will find then how the question stands between the colorist and chiaroscurists—which of them have nature and life on their side, and which have sin and death.

\* \* \*

Finally: the ascertainment of the sanctity of color is not left to human sagacity. It is distinctly stated in Scripture. Blue, purple and scarlet, with white and gold as appointed in the Tabernacle; this chord is the fixed base of all coloring with the workmen of every great age; the purple and scarlet will be found constantly employed by the noble painters, in various unison, to the exclusion in general of pure crimson; it is the harmony described by Herodotus as used in the battlements of Ecbatana, and the invariable base of all beautiful missal-painting. . . . All men completely organized and justly tempered enjoy color; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them; being associated with *life* in the human body, with *light* in the sky, with *purity* and hardness in the earth,—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colorless.

\* \* \*

I trust that the time may soon come when the beneficent and beautiful gifts of color may be rightly felt and wisely employed, and when the variegated fronts of our houses may render the term “stone-color” as little definite in the mind of the architect as that of “flower color” would be to the horticulturist.

\* \* \*

There is no climate, no place, and scarcely an hour, in which nature does not exhibit color which no mortal effort can imitate or approach. For all our artificial pigments are, even when under the same circumstances, dead and lifeless beside her living color; the green of a growing leaf, the scarlet of a fresh flower, no art nor expedient can reach.

\* \* \*

We have been speaking of the ordinary effects of daylight on ordinary colors, and we repeat that no gorgeousness of the pallet can reach even these. But it is a widely different thing when nature herself takes a coloring fit, and does something extraordinary, something really to exhibit her power.

She has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in these sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow white, and which give therefore fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless, crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there

are no words in language, and no ideas in the mind, — things which can only be conceived while they are visible — the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, — showing here deep and pure, and lightless, there, modulated by the filmy formless body of the transparent vapor till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and blue.

\* \* \*

The loveliest colors ever granted to human sight, those of morning and of evening clouds before or after rain, are produced in minute particles of finely-divided water, or perhaps sometimes ice.

\* \* \*

There are some landscapes whose best character is sparkling, and there is a possibility of repose in the midst of brilliancy, or embracing it, as in the fields of summer sea, or summer land :

“ Calm and deep peace, on this high wold,  
And in the dews that drench the furze,  
And in the silvery gossamers,  
*That twinkle into green and gold.*”

\* \* \*

There are three things to which man is born — labor and sorrow and joy. Each of these three things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labor, and noble labor. There is base sorrow, and noble sorrow. There is base joy, and noble joy. But you must not think to avoid the corruption

of these things by doing without the things themselves. Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labor without joy is base. Labor without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labor is base. Joy without labor is base.

\* \* \*

These are three Material things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one "knows how to live" till he has got them. These are Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

There are three Immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one knows how to live till he has got them. These are Admiration, Hope, and Love.

\* \* \*

Do your own work well, whether it be for life or death. Help other people at times when you can, and seek to avenge no injury. — Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

\* \* \*

God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right by anything that we do or neglect to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. . .

. . . of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

\* \* \*

Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come.

\* \* \*

The directest manifestation of Deity to man is in His own image, that is, in man. . . . It cannot be supposed that the bodily shape of man resembles any bodily shape in Deity. The likeness must therefore be, or have been in the soul. Had it wholly passed away, and the Divine Soul been altered into a soul brutal or diabolic, I suppose we should have been told of the change. But we are told nothing of the kind. The verse still stands as if for our use and trust. It was only death which was to be our punishment. Not *change*. So far as we live, the image is still there; defiled, if you will; broken, if you will; all but effaced if you will, by death and the shadow of it. But not changed. We are not made now in any other image than God's. There are, indeed, the two states of this image, — the earthly and heavenly, but both Adamite, both human, both the same likeness; only one defiled, and one pure. So that the soul of man is still a mirror, wherein may be seen, darkly, the image of the mind of God.

\* \* \*

We know no higher or more energetic life than our own; but there seems to me this great good in the idea of gradation of life — it admits the idea of a life above us, in other creatures, as much nobler than ours, as ours is nobler than that of the dust.

\* \* \*

The healthy sense of progress, which is necessary to the strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to attain higher place or rank, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and accomplishing the ends, of the life which we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us.

\* \* \*

You may sum the duty of your life in the giving of praise worthily, and being yourself worthy of it. Therefore in the reading of all history your first purpose must be, to seek what is to be praised, and disdain the rest; and in doing so, remember always that the most important part of the history of a man is that of his imagination. What he actually does is always in great part accidental; it is at best a partial fulfilment of his purpose, and what we call history is often, as I have said, merely a record of the external accidents which befall men getting together in large crowds. The real history of mankind is that of the slow advance of resolved deed following laboriously just thought: and all the greatest men live in their purpose and effort more than is possible for them to live in reality. If you would praise them worthily, it is for what they conceived and felt; not merely for what they have done.

\* \* \*

Intense apathy in all of us is the first great mystery of life; it stands in the way of every perception, every virtue. 'There



is no making ourselves feel enough astonished at it. That the occupations, or pastimes of life should have no motive is understandable, — but — that life itself should have no motive — that we neither care to find out what it may lead to, nor to guard against its being forever taken away from us, here is a mystery indeed.

\* \* \*

Mighty of heart, mighty of mind — “magnanimous” — to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is indeed, to “advance in life,” — in life itself — not in the trappings of it.

\* \* \*

He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only.

\* \* \*

The two essential instincts of humanity — the love of Order and the Love of kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and to dress it, and to keep it; and with all rebellious and dissolute forces in lower creatures, or in ourselves. By the love of doing kindness it is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. And then, grafted on these, we are to make every other passion perfect; so that they may every one have full strength and yet be absolutely under control.

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Here is a short piece of precious word revelation, for instance, "God is Love."

Love! Yes. But what is *that*? Out of your own heart you may know what love is. In no other possible way, — by no other help or sign. All the words and sounds ever uttered, all the revelations of cloud, or flame, or crystal, are utterly powerless. They cannot tell you in the smallest point what love means.

\* \* \* .

Two great and principle passions are evidently appointed by the Deity to rule the life of man—namely, the love of God, and the fear of its companion death.

How many motives we have for Love—how much there is in the universe to kindle our admiration and to claim our gratitude . . . kindness is indeed everywhere and always visible.

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\* \* \*

Love will do its own proper work; and the only true test of good or bad is ultimately strength of affection . . . . love's misrepresentation being truer than the most mathematical presentation.

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\* \* \*

In the exact proportion in which men are educated to love, to think, and to endure, they become noble, live happily, die calmly; are remembered with perpetual honor by their race, and for the perpetual good of it.

\* \* \*

“This do, and thou shalt live,” nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, this *be*, and thou shalt love: to show mercy is nothing — thy soul must be full of mercy; to be pure in act is nothing, thou shalt be pure in heart also.

\* \* \*

There is no pure passion that can be understood or painted, except by pureness of heart; the foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything. . . . it will see Beelzebub in the casting out of devils, it will find its god of flies in every alabaster box of precious ointment. . . . But the right Christian mind will in like manner find its own image wherever it exists, it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being, often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard, and black, and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light to make them fair, and that must be a steep or unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.

\* \* \*

The great reasoners are self-command, and trust unagitated, and deep-looking Love and Faith, which as she is above Reason, so she best holds the reins of it from her high seat; so that they err grossly who think of the right development even of the intellectual type as possible, unless we look to higher sources of beauty first.

\* \* \*

Only in proportion as we draw near to God, and are made in measure like unto Him, can we increase our possession of charity, of which the entire essence is in God only.

\* \* \*

He who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet and the creatures that fill those spaces in the universe which he needs not, and which live not for his uses; nay, he has seldom grace to be grateful even to those that love him and serve him, while, on the other hand, none can love God and his human brother without loving all things which his Father loves, nor without looking upon them every one as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly. Wherefore it is good to read of that kindness and humbleness of St. Francis of Assisi, who spoke never to bird, nor to cicala, nor even to wolf and beast of prey, but as his brother; and so we find are moved the minds of all good and mighty men, as in the lesson that we have from the Mariner of Coleridge, and yet more truly and rightly taught in the Heartleap Well.

“Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

And again in the White Doe of Rylstone with the added teaching of that gift, which we have from things beneath us,

in thanks for the love they cannot equally return; that anguish of our own,

“Is tempered and allayed by sympathies,  
Aloft ascending and descending deep,  
Even to the inferior kinds,”

so that I know not of anything more destructive of the whole theoretic faculty, not to say of the Christian character and human intellect, than those accursed sports in which man makes of himself cat, tiger, serpent, chætodon and alligator in one, and gathers into one continuance of cruelty for his amusement all the devices that brutes sparingly and at intervals use against each other for their necessities.

\* \* \*

I would fain hold, if I might, “the faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes,” neither do I ever crush or gather one without some pain, yet our feeling for them has more of sympathy than of actual love, as receiving from them in delight far more than we can give; for love, I think, chiefly grows in giving; at least, its essence is the desire of doing good, or giving happiness.

\* \* \*

Color—the type of Love—Followed rashly, coarsely, untruly, for the mere pleasure of it, with no reverence, it becomes a temptation, and leads to corruption. Followed faithfully, with intense but reverent passion, it is the holiest of all as-

pects of material things. . . . Love when true, faithful, well-fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life; without it, the soul cannot reach its fullest height of holiness. But if shallow, faithless, misdirected, it is also one of the strongest corrupting and degrading elements of life.

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\* \* \*

All things may be elevated by affection, as the spikenard of Mary, and in the Song of Solomon, the myrrh upon the handles of the lock, and that of Isaac concerning his son. . . . And I can find something divine in the sweetness of wild fruits, as well as in the pleasantness of the pure air, and the tenderness of its natural perfumes as they come and go.

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\* \* \*

The Christian theoria seeks not, though it accepts, and touches with its own purity what the Epicurean sought, but finds its food and the objects of its love everywhere, in what is harsh and fearful, as well as what is kind. Nay, even in all that seems coarse and commonplace; seizing that which is good, and delighting more sometimes at finding its table spread in strange places, and in the presence of its enemies, and its honey coming out of the rock, than if all were harmonized into a less wondrous pleasure; hating only what is self-sighted and insolent of men's work, despising all that is not of God's unless reminding it of God, yet able to find evidence of Him still, where all seems forgetful of Him, and to turn that into a witness of His working which was meant to obscure it, and so with clear sight beholding Him forever,

according to the written promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

\* \* \*

In the early ages of Christianity there was little care taken to analyze character. One momentous question was heard over the whole world, "Dost thou believe in the Lord with all thine heart?" . . . The love of Christ was all and in all. . . . The early Christians felt that virtue, like sin, was a subtle universal thing entering into every act and thought, appearing outwardly in ten thousand diverse ways, diverse according to the separate framework of every heart in which it dwelt; but one and the same always in proceeding from the love of God, as sin is one and the same in proceeding from hatred of God. And in their pure, early, and practical piety, they saw there was no need for codes of morality or systems of metaphysics. Their virtue comprehended everything, it was too vast and too spiritual to be defined; but there was no need for its definition. For through faith, working by love, they knew that all human excellence would be developed in due order, but that, without faith, neither reason could define, or effort reach the lowest place of Christian virtue.

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If loving well the creatures that are like yourself, you feel that you would love still more dearly, creatures better than yourself — were they revealed to you; if striving with all your might to mend what is evil and near you and around,



you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the earth shall surely do right, and the little hills rejoice on every side; if parting with the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on earth, you desire ever to meet their eyes again, and clasp their hands, — where eyes shall no more be dim nor hands fail; — if preparing yourself to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, seeing no more beauty, and feeling no more gladness, you would care for the promise to you of a time when you shall see God's Light again, and know the things you have longed to know, and walk in the peace of everlasting *Love*, — *then*, the Hope of these things to you is religion, the substance of them in your life is faith, and in the power of them, it is promised us, that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

\* \* \*

The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure — forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving — "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to

find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over.

\* \* \*

“Taking up one's cross.” — It means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load, or unload, yourself; nor to cut your cross to your own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large; and many, that they would carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest are usually very particular about its being ornamental, and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can; and not to think about what is upon it — above all, not to boast of what is upon it. The real and essential meaning of “virtue” is in that straightness of back.

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Those who in modest usefulness, have accepted what seemed to them here the lowest place in the kingdom of their

Father, are not I believe the least likely to receive hereafter the command, then, unmistakable,

“ Friend go up higher.”

\* \* \*

What are the distinctive characters of the Invisible Church ; that is to say, What is it makes a person a member of this Church, and how is he to be known for such? — . . . .

A man becomes a member of this Church only by believing in Christ with all his heart; . . . . there are certain signs by which Christ's sheep may be guessed at. Not by their being in any definite Fold — for many are lost sheep at times ; but by their sheep-like behavior ; and a great many are indeed sheep which, on the far mountain side, in their peacefulness, we take for stones. To themselves, the best proof of their being Christ's sheep, is to find themselves on Christ's shoulders ; and between them, there are certain sympathies by which they may in a sort recognize each other, and so become verily visible to each other for mutual comfort.

\* \* \*

We spend much time in arguing about efficacy of sacraments and such other mysteries ; but we do not act upon the very certain tests which are clear and visible. We know that Christ's people are not thieves — not liars — not busy-bodies — not dishonest — not avaricious — not wasteful — not cruel. Let us then get ourselves well clear of thieves, liars, wasteful people, avaricious people — cheating people — people who do not pay their debts. Let us assure them that they, at least,

do not belong to the Visible Church; and having thus got that Church into decent shape and cohesion, it will be time to think of drawing the stake-nets closer.

\* \* \*

I do not say it is possible for men to agree with each other in their religious opinions, but it is certainly possible for them to agree with each other upon their religious expressions.

\* \* \*

There is not a moment of a man's active life in which he may not be indirectly preaching, and teaching both strangers and friends; his children, his servants, and all who are in any way put under him, being given to him as especial objects of his ministration.

\* \* \*

The unity of Knowledge and Love, both devoted altogether to the service of Christ and His Church, marks the true Christian Minister; who I believe, wherever he has existed, has never failed to receive due and fitting reverence from all men, — of whatever character or opinion; and I believe that if all those who profess to be such, were such indeed, there would never be question of their authority more. But, whatever influence they may have over the Church, their authority never supersedes that of either the intellect or the conscience of the simplest of its lay members. They can assist those members in the search for truth, or comfort their over-worn and doubtful minds; they can even assure them that they are in the way of

truth, or that pardon is within their reach; but they can neither manifest the truth, nor grant the pardon. Truth is to be discovered, and Pardon to be won for every man by himself. This is evident from innumerable texts of Scripture, but chiefly from those which exhort every man to seek after Truth, and which connect knowing with doing. We are to seek after knowledge as silver, and search for her as for hid treasures; therefore, from every man she must be naturally hid, and the discovery of her is to be the reward only of personal search. The kingdom of God is as treasure hid in a field; and of those who profess to help us to seek for it, we are not to put confidence in those who say, — “Here is the treasure we have found it, and have it, and will give you some of it;” but in those who say, — “we think this is a good place to dig, and you will dig most easily in such and such a way.”

Farther it has been promised that if such earnest search be made, Truth shall be discovered; as much truth, that is, as is necessary for the person seeking. These, therefore, I hold for two fundamental principles of religion,— that, without seeking, truth cannot be known at all; and that, by seeking, it may be discovered by the simplest. I say, without seeking it cannot be known at all. It can neither be declared from pulpits, nor set down in Articles, nor in any wise “prepared and sold” in packages ready for use. Truth must be ground for every man by himself out of its husk, with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own. . . . In

what science is knowledge to be had cheap? . . . and do you expect to penetrate the secret of all secrets, and to know that whose price is above rubies; and of which the depth saith,—“It is not in me,” in so easy fashion? There are doubts in this matter which evil spirits darken with their wings, and that is true of all such doubts which we were told long ago—they can “be ended by action alone.”

As surely as we live, this truth of truths can only so be discerned; to those who act on what they know, more shall be revealed; and thus, if any man will do His will, he shall know the doctrine whether it be of God. Any man;—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brains, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at His word, and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset, and the night comes in which no man can work. Beside such a man, God stands in more and more visible presence, and teaches him that which no preacher can teach.

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There are two ways of regarding a sermon, either as a human composition, or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning, for our better delight whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and to think that all is not well if the pulpit have not a golden fringe

round it, and a goodly cushion in front of it, and if the sermon be not fairly written in a black book, to be smoothed upon the cushion in a majestic manner before beginning; all this we shall duly come to expect; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three quarters, but which, when this duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death, whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious those hours ought to be to him, a small vantage on the side of God, after his flock has been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptations, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat has been scattered there snatched from the way-side by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labor they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir



the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded, — thirty minutes to raise the dead in, — let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or, if, ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we shall wish that his words may be very simple, even when they are sweetest, and the place from which he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst.

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We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His Revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its universal application.

\* \* \*

If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs and asks its father for it — does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake, does it call that serving its father? That with God is prayer, and He likes to hear it; He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that "serving Him." Begging is not serving; God likes mere beggars as little as you do. He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him, but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God serving Him.

\* \* \*

If we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His Name in vain, than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want*. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing don't ask for it. . . . If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also it is not to come out-

side of us, but in the hearts of us; “the kingdom of God is within you.” And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that; “the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;” joy that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful Spirit. Now, if you want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there’s just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all. “Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein.” And again, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

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\* \* \*

You have the child’s character in these four things — Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness.

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\* \* \*

The best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments.

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\* \* \*

Take for example of the Religion of our ancestors, a prayer, personally and passionately offered to the Deity . . . the prayer Alfred’s :—

“O Thou who are the Father of that Son which has awakened us, and yet urgeth us out of the sleep of our sins, and exhorteth us that we become Thine; to Thee, Lord, I pray, who art the Supreme truth; for all the truth that is, is truth

from Thee. Thee I implore, O Lord, who art the highest wisdom. Through Thee are wise all those that are so. Thou art the true life, and through Thee are living all those that are so. Thou art the supreme felicity, and from Thee all have become happy that are so. Thou art the highest good, and from Thee all beauty springs. Thou art the intellectual light, and from Thee man derives his understanding.

“To Thee, O God, I call and speak. Hear, O hear me, Lord! for Thou art my God and my Lord; my Father and my Creator; my ruler and my hope; my wealth and my honor; my house, my country, my salvation, and my life! Hear, hear me, O Lord! Few of Thy servants comprehend Thee. But Thee alone I love, indeed above all other things. Thee I seek: Thee I will follow: Thee I am ready to serve. Under Thy power I desire to abide, for Thou alone art the Sovereign of all. I pray Thee to command me as Thou wilt.”

You see this prayer is simply the expansion of that clause of the Lord's Prayer which most men eagerly omit from it, — *Fiat voluntas tua*. In being so, it sums the Christian prayer of all ages. . . . If you are minded to begin each day with Alfred's prayer, — *fiat voluntas tua*; resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of the day shall displease you. Then set to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret

if it fail. Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you: that the good of it may never be known, but that at least, unless by your rebellion or foolishness, there can come no evil into it, nor wrong chance to it. Resolve also with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country and its honor, and the honor of its God; . . . and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction, and to your own consciences, expressed approval, of God. Live thus, and believe, and with swiftness of answer proportioned to the frankness of the trust, most surely the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

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\* \* \*

As there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger, the bread of justice or righteousness; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven.

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\* \* \*

Remember, . . . . that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep, to a rightly thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only in that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method,

they are to be solemn days. Take your Latin dictionary, and look out "sollennis," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practise of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow.

\* \* \*

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now.

\* \* \*

Try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it; as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

\* \* \*

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest

and delicatest ways, improve yourself. Thus, from the beginning, consider all your accomplishments as means of assistance to others.

\* \* \*

Ascertain clearly what is wrong with you; and so far as you know any means of mending it, take those means, and have done; when you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a "sinner;" that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise any of these. Take steady means to check yourself in whatever fault you have ascertained, and justly accused yourself of, and as soon as you are in active way of mending, you will be no more inclined to moan over an undefined corruption. For the rest, you will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues.

\* \* \*

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.

\* \* \*

Perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labor as well as in rest, Nay! *more*, if it may be, in labor; in our strength, rather than



in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holiday, we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked, for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labor as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely goodness and mercy shall *follow* them, *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord — *For Ever*.

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\* \* \*

“The Grace of our Lord Christ, and the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you”. . . . The three things do actually exist, and can be known if you care to know them, and possessed if you care to possess them: First, by simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favor of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The Grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will. Secondly as you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy; — that He has made everything beautiful in its time, and in its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans or travails in pain. The Love of God exists, and you may see it, and live in it if you will.

Lastly a Spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men in an instructive and marvellous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and your power.

\* \* \*

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life; and every setting sun be to you as its close, — then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself.

\* \* \*

Have you ever thought seriously of the meaning of that blessing given to the peace-makers? People are always expecting to get peace in Heaven: but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever making of peace they can be blest for must be on the earth here: not the taking of arms against, but the building of nests amidst its “sea of troubles.” — Difficult enough you think? Perhaps so, but I do not see that any of us try. We complain of the want of many things — we want votes, we want liberty, we want amusement, we want money, which of us feels or knows that he wants peace? There are two ways of getting it, if you do want it. The first is wholly in your own power: to make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts, . . . what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts! proof against

all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us — homes built without hands for our souls to live in.

\* \* \*

That your neighbor should, or should not, remain content with *his* position is not your business: but it is very much your business to remain content with your own. . . . We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek — not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honoring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

\* \* \*

No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin; — victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or to subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you will ever draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth — when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.

\* \* \*

Of lowly peace it is written that "justice and peace have kissed each other;" and that the fruit of peace is "sown in peace of them that make peace;" not "peacemakers" in the common understanding — reconcilers of quarrels, but peace-Creators; Givers of Calm. Which you cannot give unless you first gain!

\* \* \*

You may assuredly find perfect peace, if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required — and content that He should indeed require no more of you, than to do Justice, to love Mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.

\* \* \*

The world would be a place of peace, if we were all peace-makers.

\* \* \*

"Work while you have light," especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is.

\* \* \*

If there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other; — that His first order is — "Work while you have light;" and His second, "Be merciful while you have mercy."

\* \* \*

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly “our Father’s business.” He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him, if we are not happy ourselves.

\* \* \*

Work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place.

\* \* \*

People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of Heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest—“Do justice and judgment.” That’s your Bible order; that is the “Service of God” not praying or psalm-singing.

\* \* \*

God appoints to every one of His creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit them-

selves like men, and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influences, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. — Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race for ever.

\* \* \*

There is no action so slight nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby, nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be done so as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing God.

\* \* \*

Wise work, is cheerful, as a child's work is.

\* \* \*

Without the resolution in your hearts to do good work, so long as your right hands have motion in them; and to do it, whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you, while, in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and for ever.

\* \* \*

However mean or inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well doing of it, which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue; and the truth, decision, and temper-

ance which we reverently regard as honorable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative or desirable influence over the works of the hand, the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect.

\* \* \*

Ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed, gives peace. Ask the laborer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze and in marble, and with the colors of light; and none of these who are true workmen, will ever tell you, that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one — that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if indeed it were rendered faithfully to the command — “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do — do it with thy might.”

\* \* \*

*No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort.* I have said no great *intellectual* thing; for I do not mean the assertion to extend to things moral. On the contrary, it seems to me that just because we are intended, as long as we live, to be in a state of intense moral effort, we are *not* intended to be in intense physical or intellectual effort. Our full energies are to be given to the soul's work — to the great fight with the Dragon — the taking the kingdom of hea-



ven by force. But the body's work, and head's work are to be done quietly and comparatively without effort.

Neither limbs nor brain are ever to be strained to their utmost; that is not the way in which the greatest quantity of work is to be got out of them; they are never to be worked furiously, but with tranquility and constancy. We are to follow the plough from sunrise to sunset, but not to pull in race-boats at the twilight; we shall get no fruit of that kind of work, only disease of the heart.

\* \* \*

There is a working class — strong and happy — among both rich and poor; there is an idle class — weak, wicked, and miserable — among both rich and poor.

\* \* \*

By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist arises simply from people not understanding this truism — not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm when they have not woven.

\* \* \*

One lesson we are invariably taught, that the work of the great Spirit of Nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects — that the Divine Mind is as visible in its full energy of operation in every lowly bank and mouldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven and

setting the foundations of the earth; and that to the rightly perceiving mind, there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection manifested in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the moulding of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star.

\* \* \*

Every day shows me more and more the importance of the Hand. Of the hand as a Servant, observe — not of the hand as a Master: For there are two kinds of manual work; one in which the hand is continually receiving and obeying orders; the other in which it is acting independently, or even giving orders of its own. And the dependent and submissive hand is a noble hand, but the independent or imperative hand is a vile one.

\* \* \*

All wise work is mainly threefold in character — It is honest, useful and cheerful.

\* \* \*

I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters, I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a “position in life,” takes above all other thoughts in the parents’,— more especially in the mothers’,— minds. “The education befitting such and such a *station in life*” — this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; the conception of abstract right-

ness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education “ which shall keep a good coat on my son’s back ;— an education which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitor’s bell at double-belled doors ;— education which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house ; in a word, which shall lead to “ advancement in life.” It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, is “ advancement in Life ; ” — that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death ; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way ; while it is for no price, and by no favor to be got, if they set about it in the wrong way.

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\* \* \*

The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it,) consists in . . . accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, — may not be able to speak any but his own, — may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely : whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly ; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words ; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern canaille ; remembers all their ancestry — their intermarriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated

person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any — not a word even of his own.

\* \* \*

This has been the real cause of failure in our efforts after education hitherto — whether from above or below. There is no honest desire for the thing itself. The cry for it among the lower orders is because they think that, when once they have got it, they must become upper orders. . . . There is a strange notion in the mob's mind nowadays, that *everybody* can be uppermost; or at least that a state of general scramble, in which everybody in his turn should come to the top, is a proper Utopian constitution; and that, once give every lad a good education, and he cannot but come to ride in his carriage. . . . A man had better not know how to read or write than receive education on such terms. The first condition on which it can be given usefully is, that it should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world, but a means of staying pleasantly in your place there.

\* \* \*

Education in its deepest sense is not the equalizer, but the discernor of men.

\* \* \*

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things — not merely industrious, but to love industry — not merely learned,

but to love knowledge — not merely pure, but to love purity, — not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

\* \* \*

Reverence and compassion we are to teach primarily, and with these, as the bond and guardian of them, Truth of spirit and word, of thought and sight. Truth, earnest and passionate, sought for like a treasure, and kept like a crown.

\* \* \*

The accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

\* \* \*

Most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes and venomous wind-sown herbage of evil surmise; so that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this*; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order. "Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns."

\* \* \*

The final result of the education I want you to give your children will be, in a few words, this: They will know what

it is to see the sky. They will know what it is to breathe it, and they will know best of all, what it is to behave under it, as in the presence of a Father who is in Heaven.

\* \* \*

Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound.

\* \* \*

No person in decent circumstances would put on his table bad meat, without being ashamed, so he need not have on his shelves ill-printed or loosely and wretchedly-stitched books; for, though few can be rich, yet every man who honestly exerts himself may, I think, still provide, for himself and his family, good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage horses, and stout leather binding for his books. And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily — however slowly — increasing, series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in

its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dog's-ears.

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\* \* \*

All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, — and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it; — kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!



\* \* \*

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this, — that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces; — suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the princes' chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men; this station of audience, and honorable privy council you despise!

\* \* \*

All books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds.

The good book of the hour, then — I do not speak of the bad ones — is simply, the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's pleasant talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; — all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing;

and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would — the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice.

But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; — this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” This is his “writing;” it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

\* \* \*

Whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is

mixed always with evil fragments — ill-done, redundant, affected work. . . . But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

\* \* \*

Life is short — you have heard as much before; — yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your house-maid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for entrée here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always: in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be out-cast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

“The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say: because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to

labors and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter?" "Pass." "Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerable pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence." . . . You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love. . . . First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good that is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day."

\* \* \*

Be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When

you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal. And therefore I tell you earnestly, you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters, instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle: — that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly "illiterate" uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real ac-



curacy, — you are for evermore in some measure an educated person.

\* \* \*

If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad — a biblio-maniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books.

\* \* \*

We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

\* \* \*

If public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling.

\* \* \*

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a house-wife bring the spice she needs from her store.

\* \* \*

Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed, which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves pay their baker's bill.

\* \* \*

Books! — the value of them consists first, in their power of preserving and communicating the knowledge of facts — secondly in their power of exciting vital or noble emotions and intellectual action.

\* \* \*

The way in which common people read their Bibles is just like the way that the old monks thought hedge-hogs ate grapes. They rolled themselves (it was said) over and over, where the grapes lay on the ground. What fruit stuck to their spines, they carried off, and ate.

So your hedgehoggy readers roll themselves over and over their Bibles, and declare that whatever sticks to their own spines is Scripture, and that nothing else is. But you can only get the skins of the texts that way. If you want their juice, you must press them in cluster.

\* \* \*

What would have been the course, or issue, of Christianity, had it been orally preached only, and unsupported by its poetical literature, might be the subject of deeply instructive speculation — if a historian's duty were to reflect instead of record. The power of the Christian faith was, however, in

the fact of it, always founded on the written prophecies and histories of the Bible; and on the interpretations of their meaning given by the example, far more than by the precept of the great monastic orders.

\* \* \*

It is a creed with a great part of the English people, that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God all they ought to do, and need to know. I have read that book with as much care as most of them, for some forty years; and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavor has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do; trust it not in their own favorite verses only, but in the sum of all; trust it not as a fetich, or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of, but as a Captain's order to be heard and obeyed at their peril.

\* \* \*

This book, which has been the accepted guide of the moral intelligence of Europe for some one thousand and five hundred years, enforces certain simple laws of human conduct which you know have also been agreed upon in every main point by all the religious and by all the greatest profane writers, of every age and country. This book primarily forbids pride, lasciviousness, and covetousness; and you know, that all great thinkers, in every nation of mankind, have similarly forbade these mortal vices. This book enjoins truth, temperance, charity, and equity; and you know that every great

Egyptian, Greek, and Indian, enjoins them also. You know besides, that through all the mysteries of human fate and history, this one great law of fate is written on the walls of cities, or in their dust, — written in letters of light and letters of blood, — that where truth, temperance, and equity have been preserved, all strength, and peace, and joy have been preserved also; — that where lying, lasciviousness, and covetousness have been practised, there has followed an infallible, and for centuries irrecoverable, ruin. And you know, lastly, that the observance of this common law of righteousness, commending itself to all the pure instincts of men, and fruitful in their temporal good, is by the religious writers of every nation, and chiefly in this venerated Scripture of ours, connected with some distinct hope of better life, and righteousness, to come.

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Again and again you will indeed find the stream of the Gospel contracting itself into narrow channels, and appearing, after long concealed filtration through veins of unmeasured rock, with the bright resilience of a mountain spring.

\* \* \*

Perhaps to my younger readers, one word may be permitted respecting their Bible-reading in general. The Bible is indeed, a deep book, when depth is required, that is to say for deep people. But it is not intended, particularly, for profound persons. And therefore the first, and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible, is on its surface, written

in plainest possible Greek, Hebrew, or English, needing no penetration, nor amplification; needing nothing, but what we all might give — attention.

But this, which is in every one's power, and is the only thing that God wants, is just the last thing any one will give Him. We are delighted to ramble away into day-dreams, to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words; to snap at an expression which suits our own particular views, or to dig up a meaning from under a verse, which we should be amiably grieved to think any human being had been so happy as to find before. But the plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which every one ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the force of the whole passage, in due relation — this sort of significance we do not look for: — it being, truly, not to be discovered, unless we really attend to what is said, instead of to our own feelings. . . . The first thing that children should be taught about their Bibles is, to distinguish clearly between words that they understand and words that they do not; and to put aside the words they do not understand, and verses connected with them, to be asked about, or for a future time; and never to think they are reading the Bible when they are merely repeating phrases of an unknown tongue.

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The greater number of the words which are recorded in Scripture, as directly spoken to men by the lips of the Deity,

are either simple revelations of His law, or special threatenings, commands, and promises relating to special events. But two passages of God's speaking, one in the Old, and one in the New Testament, possess, it seems to me, a different character from any of the rest, having been uttered the one to effect the last necessary change in the mind of a man whose piety was in other respects perfect; and the other, as the first statement to all men of the principles of Christianity by Christ Himself — I mean the 38th to the 41st chapters of the book of Job, and the Sermon on the Mount. Now, the first of these passages is, from beginning to end, nothing else than a direction of the mind which was to be perfected to humble observance to the works of God in nature. And the other consists only in the inculcation of *three* things: 1st. right conduct; 2d, looking for eternal life; 3d, trusting God, through watchfulness of His dealing with His creation; and the entire contents of the book of Job, and of the Sermon on the Mount, will be found resolvable simply into these three requirements from all men — that they should act rightly, hope for heaven, and watch God's wonders and work in the earth; the right conduct being always summed up under the three heads of *justice*, *mercy*, and *truth*, and no mention of any doctrinal point whatsoever occurring in either piece of divine teaching.

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The whole language, both of the book of Job and the Sermon on the Mount, gives precisely the view of nature which

is taken by the uninvestigating affection of a humble, but powerful mind. There is no dissection of muscles, or counting of elements, but the boldest and broadest glance at the apparent facts, and the most magnificent metaphor in expressing them.

\* \* \*

The Bible is specifically distinguished from all other early literature, by its delight in natural imagery; and the dealings of God with His people are calculated peculiarly to awaken this sensibility within them. Out of the monotonous valley of Egypt they are instantly taken into the midst of the mightiest mountain scenery in the peninsula of Arabia; and that scenery is associated in their minds with the immediate manifestation and presence of the Divine Power; so that mountains forever afterwards become invested with a peculiar sacredness in their minds . . . and their literature is full of expressions, not only testifying a vivid sense of the power of nature over man, but showing that *sympathy with natural things themselves*, as if they had human souls, which is the especial characteristic of true love of the works of God. . . . Consider such expressions as that tender and glorious verse in Isaiah, speaking of the cedars on the mountains as rejoicing over the fall of the king of Assyria: "Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since *thou* hast gone down to the grave, no feller has come up against us." See what sympathy there is here, as with the very hearts of the trees themselves. So also in the



words of Christ, in His personification of the lilies, "They toil not, neither do they spin." Consider such expressions as, "The sea saw that, and fled. Jordan was driven back. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs." Try to find anything in profane writing like this; and note farther that the whole book of Job appears to have been chiefly written, and placed in the inspired volume in order to show the value of natural history, and its power on the human heart. . . . The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the book are calculated to touch the heart to the end of time.

\* \* \*

At the central point of Jewish prosperity; you have the first great naturalist the world ever saw — Solomon — not permitted, indeed, to anticipate, in writing, the discoveries of modern times, but so gifted as to show us that heavenly wisdom is manifested as much in the knowledge of the hyssop that springeth out of the wall as in political and philosophical speculation. The books of the Old Testament, as distinguished from all other early writings, are thus prepared for an everlasting influence over humanity; and, finally, Christ Himself, setting the concluding example to the conduct and thoughts of men, spends nearly His whole life in the fields, the mountains, or the small country villages of Judea. And in the very closing scenes of His life, will not so much as sleep within the walls of Jerusalem, but rests at the little village of Bethphage, walking in the morning and returning in

the evening, through the peaceful avenues of the Mount of Olives, to and from His work of teaching in the temple. It would thus naturally follow both from the general tone and teaching of the Scriptures and from the example of our Lord Himself that wherever Christianity was preached and accepted, there would be an immediate interest awakened in the works of God as seen in the natural world.

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Wheresoever the search after truth begins, there life begins; wheresoever that search ends, there life ceases.

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We are all of us willing enough to accept dead truths or blunt ones; which can be fitted harmlessly into spare niches. . . . But a sapling truth, with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth that can cut its way through bars and sods; most men, it seems to me, dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means such guest or vision may be avoided.

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\* \*

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance, or the attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blind conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence, instead of utterance; and finally, according

to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

\* \* \*

There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimation of wisdom, but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.

\* \* \*

It is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world. . . . But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian; the provident lie of the politician; the zealous lie of the partisan; the merciful lie of the friend; and the careless lie of each man to himself, that casts that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy in that thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it.

\* \* \*

It seems to me, that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over care as to which is largest or

blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. . . . And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more "wanting the good of virtue and of being" than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation, and surely becoming an honorable man to resolve that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.



As a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honor disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable as a lie.

You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not; which pretends to have cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied are not worth a lie.



I would have the Spirit or Lamp of Truth clear in the hearts of our artists and handicraftsmen, not as if the truthful practise of handicrafts could far advance the cause of Truth, but

because I would fain see the handicrafts themselves urged by the spurs of chivalry. . . . We may not be able to command good, or beautiful, or inventive architecture, but we *can* command an honest architecture; the meagreness of poverty may be pardoned, the sternness of utility respected; but what is there but scorn for the meanness of deception?

\* \* \*

Truth. . . . that golden and narrow line, which the very powers and virtues that lean upon it bend, which policy and prudence conceal, which kindness and courtesy modify, which courage overshadows with his shield, imagination covers with her wings, and charity dims with her tears. How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of man, has also to restrain the disorders of his best, which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law.

\* \* \*

Violate truth wilfully, in the slightest particular, or, at least, get into the habit of violating it, and all kinds of failure and error will surround and haunt you to your fall.

\* \* \*

Nothing can atone for the want of truth, not the most brilliant imagination, the most playful fancy, the most pure feeling, (supposing that feeling could be false and pure at the same time :) not the most exalted conception, nor the most

comprehensive grasp of intellect, can make amends for the want of truth, and that for two reasons; first, because falsehood is in itself revolting and degrading; and secondly, because nature is so immeasurably superior to all that the human mind can conceive, that every departure from her, is a fall beneath her, so that there can be no such thing as an ornamental falsehood. All falsehood must be a blot as well as a sin, an injury as well as a deception.

\* \* \*

It is not easy to be accurate in an account of anything however simple.

\* \* \*

The absolute disdain of all lying belongs rather to Christian chivalry than to mere high breeding.

\* \* \*

Imitation is like charity, when it is done for love it is lovely; when it is done for show, hateful.

\* \* \*

The simple statement of the truths of nature must in itself be pleasing to every order of mind, because every truth of nature is more or less beautiful.

\* \* \*

There is a moral as well as material truth; a truth of impression as well as of form, of thought as well as of matter, and the truth of impression and thought is a thousand times the more important of the two.

\* \* \*

In order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language — of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects.) And many words have been all these; — that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last; undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old — girl or boy — whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

\* \* \*

Words, if they are not watched will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now, — (there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious "information," or rather deformation, everywhere, and to



the teaching of catechisms and phrases at school instead of human meanings) there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses. . . . There were never creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas; whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

\* \* \*

Let the accent of words be watched by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work.

\* \* \*

A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another.

\* \* \*

It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

\* \* \*

The derivation of Words is like that of Rivers, there is one real source, usually small, unlikely, and difficult to find, far up among the hills; then, as the word flows on and comes into

service, it takes on the force of other words from other sources, and becomes quite another word, — often much more than one word after the junction — a word as it were of many waters, sometimes both sweet and bitter.

\* \* \*

Language, I said, is only clear when it is sympathetic. You can, in truth, understand a man's word only by understanding his temper. Your own word is also in an unknown tongue to him unless he understands yours. And it is this which makes the art of language, if any one is to be chosen separately from the rest, as that which is fittest for the instrument of a gentleman's education. To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. And thus the principles of beautiful speech have all been fixed by sincere and kindly speech. On the laws which have been determined by sincerity, false speech, apparently beautiful, may afterwards be constructed; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped and chiselled on external principles, it falls into frivolity, and perishes. And this truth would have been long ago manifest, had it not been that in periods of advanced academical science there is always a tendency to deny the sin-

cerity of the first masters of language. Once learn to write gracefully in the manner of an ancient author, and we are apt to think that he also wrote in the manner of some one else. But no noble or right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.

\* \* \*

All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the truth of them is inspiration because it is not only vocal but vital, and you can only learn to speak as those men spoke, by learning what those men were.

\* \* \*

The curious thing is that, given the degree of practice, you will measure well or ill with the eye in proportion to the quantity of life in you. No one can measure with a glance when they are tired.

\* \* \*

Have you ever considered how much literal truth there is in the words — “The light of the body is the eye. If, therefore, thine eye be evil” — and the rest? How *can* the eye be evil? How, if evil, can it fill the whole body with darkness?

What is the meaning of having one's body *full* of darkness? It cannot mean merely being blind. Blind, you may fall into the ditch if you move; but you may be well, if at rest. But to be evil-eyed is not that worse than to have no eyes? and instead of being only in darkness, to have darkness in *us*, portable, perfect, and eternal?

\* \* \*

Literally, if the eye be pure, the body is pure, if the light of the body be but darkness, how great is that darkness!

\* \* \*

A cat may look at a king; — yes; but can it *see* a king when it looks at him? The beasts of prey never seem to me to *look*, in our sense, at all. Their eyes are fascinated by the motion of anything, as a kitten's by a ball; they fasten, as if drawn by an inevitable attraction, on their food. But when a cat caresses you, it never looks at you. Its heart seems to be in its back and paws, not its eyes. It will rub itself against you, or pat you with velvet tufts instead of talons; but you may talk to it an hour together, yet not rightly catch its eye. Ascend higher in the races of being — to the fawn, the dog, the horse; you will find that, according to the clearness of sight, is indeed the kindness of sight, and that at least the noble eyes of humanity look through humanity, from heart into heart, and with no mechanical vision. And the Light of the body is the eye — yes, and in happy life, the light of the heart also.

\* \* \*

You do not see *with* the lens of the eye. You see *through* that, and by means of that, but you see with the Soul of the eye.

\* \* \*

You ought to be glad in thinking how much more beauty God has made, than human eyes can ever see.

\* \* \*

How much need, that we should learn what eyes are! And what vision they ought to possess — Science of sight granted only to clearness of soul; but granted in its fulness even to mortal eyes; for though, after the skin, worms may destroy their body, happy the pure in heart, for they, yet in their flesh, shall see the Light of Heaven, and know the will of God.

\* \* \*

Learn to obey good laws; and in a little while, you will reach the better learning — how to obey good Men, who are living, breathing, unblinded law; and to subdue base and disloyal ones, recognizing in these the light, and ruling over these in the power of the Lord of Light and Peace, whose Dominion is an everlasting Dominion, and His Kingdom from generation to generation.

\* \* \*

A good law is one that holds, whether you recognize and pronounce it or not; a bad law is one that cannot hold, however much you ordain and pronounce it.

\* \* \*

When people read, “the law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Christ,” do they suppose the law was ungracious and untrue? The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) and truth for fulfilment; — the whole forming one glorious Trinity of judgment mercy and truth. And if people would but read the text of their Bibles with heartier pur-

pose of understanding it, instead of superstitiously, they would see that throughout the parts which they are intended to make most personally their own — (the Psalms) it is always the Law which is spoken of with chief joy. The Psalms respecting mercy are often sorrowful, as in thought of what it cost; but those respecting the Law are always full of delight. David cannot contain himself for joy in thinking of it,— he is never weary of its praise; — “How love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors. Sweeter, also, than honey and the honeycomb.”

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\* \* \*

The Divine law, instead of being contrary to mercy, is the foundation of all delight, and the guide of all fair and fortunate existence.

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\* \* \*

The law is fixed and everlasting; uttered once, abiding for ever, as the sun, it may not be moved. It is “perfect converting the soul;” the whole question about the soul being, whether it has turned from darkness to light, acknowledged this law or not,— whether it is godly or ungodly? But the commandment is given momentarily to each man, according to the need. It does not convert; it guides. It does not concern the entire purpose of the soul; but it enlightens the eyes respecting a special act. The law is, “Do this always,” the commandment, “*Do thou this now* :” often mysterious enough, and through the cloud; chilling, and with strange rain of tears; yet always pure, the law converting, but the command-

ment cleansing; a rod, not for guiding merely, but for strengthening and tasting honey with. "Look how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I have tasted a little of this honey."

\* \* \*

It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gaiety of heart during the reaction after hard labor, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with, nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of a deep internal seriousness of disposition.

\* \* \*

The highest and healthiest state which is competent to ordinary humanity appears to be that which, accepting the necessity of recreation and yielding to the impulse of natural delight springing out of health and innocence, does indeed, condescend often to playfulness, but never without such deep love of God, of truth, and of humanity as shall make even its slightest word reverent, its idlest fancies profitable, and its keenest satire indulgent.

\* \* \*

A healthy manner of play is necessary in order to a healthy manner of work.

\* \* \*

Whatever we do to please ourselves and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is "play," the "pleasing thing;" not the useful thing. Play may be use-



ful in a secondary sense (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary;) but the use of it depends upon its being spontaneous.

\* \* \*

The only right principle of action here, is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both; and to strive to promote the one, and to conquer the other, with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world than this.

\* \* \*

Get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones. If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither, if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted; the consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own common sense and discretion as the excellence of the feast of a day.

\* \* \*

In direct contention with material evil, you will find out the real nature of all evil; you will discern by the various kinds of resistance, what is really the fault, and main antagonism to good; also you will find the most unexpected

helps and profound lessons given, and truths will come thus down to us which the speculation of all our lives would never have raised us up to.

\* \* \*

There's playing at literature, and playing at art — very different, both, from working at literature, or working at art.

\* \* \*

You will always find that in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases; and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels varied in rank and power.

\* \* \*

Suffering must, indeed, come, one way or another, in all great critical periods; the only question, for us, is whether we will reach our ends through a chain of involuntary miseries, many of them useless, and all ignoble; or whether we will know the worst at once, and deal with it by the wisely sharp methods of God-sped courage.

\* \* \*

Right is right, and wrong is wrong. It is only the fool who does wrong and says he "did it for the best." And if there is one sort of people in the world that the Bible speaks harder of than another, it is fools. Their particular and chief way of saying, "There is no God" is this, of declaring that whatever their "public opinion" may be, is right; and that God's opinion is of no consequence.

\* \* \*

Every faculty of man's soul, and every instinct of it by which he is meant to live, is exposed to its own special form of corruption; and whether within Man, or in the external world, there is a power or condition of temptation which is perpetually endeavoring to reduce every glory of his soul, and every power of his life, to such corruption as is possible to them. And the more beautiful they are, the more fearful is the death which is attached as a penalty to their degradation.

\* \* \*

Without any discussion as to the personal existence or traditional character of evil spirits, you will find it a practical fact, that external temptations and inevitable trials of temper, have power against you which your health and virtue depend on your resisting; that, if not resisted, the evil of them will pass into your own heart, and the ordinary and vulgarized phrase "the Devil" or betraying Spirit, "is in him," is the most scientifically accurate which you can apply to any person so influenced.

\* \* \*

You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable, to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written not "blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but "blessed is he that *considereth* the poor," and you know that a little thought, and a little kind-

ness are often worth more than a great deal of money. Now this charity of thought is not merely to be exercised toward the poor, it is to be exercised towards all men.



Though you should assuredly be able to hold your own in the straight ways of God, without always believing that the Devil is at your side, it is a state of mind much to be dreaded, that you should not know the Devil when you *see* him there. For the probability is, that when you see him, the way you are walking in is not one of God's ways at all, but is leading you into quite other neighborhoods than His. On His way, indeed, you may often, like Albert Dürer's Knight, see the Fiend behind you, but you will find that he drops always farther and farther behind; whereas if he jogs with you at your side, it is probably one of his own by-paths you are got on. And, in any case, it is a highly desirable matter that you should know him when you set eyes on him, which we are very far from doing in these days, having convinced ourselves that the graminivorous form of him, with horn and tail, is extant no longer. But in fearful truth, the Presence and Power of him *is* here; in the world, with us, and within us; mock as you may; and the fight with him, for the time, sore, and widely unprosperous.



As within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties, — an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true

purpose; — as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life and, misdirected, undermines them; and *must* do either the one or the other; so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them. Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power! — For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide and to guard. Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,— that binds the fiend and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of justice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this?

\* \* \*

As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, — as irrevocably — as the fruit-bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart if you meet it with poison.

\* \* \*

Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who “do and teach” and who are greatest in the kingdom of earth, as of heaven — and the power of those who

waste and consume — whose power at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust.

\* \* \*

Pure Passion and its corruption. — Whatever influence it is, without or within us, which has a tendency to degrade the one towards the other, is literally and accurately “Satanic.” And this treacherous or deceiving spirit is perpetually at work, so that all the worst evil among us is a betrayed or corrupted good. Take religion itself; the desire of finding out God, and placing one’s self in some true son’s or servant’s relation to Him. The Devil, that is to say, the deceiving Spirit within us, or outside of us, mixes up our own vanity with this desire; makes us think that in our love to God we have established some connection with Him which separates us from our fellowmen, and renders us superior to them. Then it takes but one wave of the Devil’s hand; and we are burning them alive for taking the liberty of contradicting us.

Take the desire of teaching — the entirely unselfish and noble instinct for telling to those who are ignorant, the truth we know, and guarding them from the errors we see them in danger of; — there is no nobler, no more constant instinct in honorable breasts; but let the Devil formalize, and mix the pride of a profession with it — get foolish people entrusted with the business of instruction, and make their giddy heads giddier by putting them up in pulpits above a submissive crowd — and you have it instantly corrupted into its own reverse; you have an alliance against the light, shrieking at the

sun and moon, and stars, as profane spectre; — a company of the blind, beseeching those they lead to remain blind also.

Take the desire and faith of mutual help. . . . let the Devil put pride of caste into it. . . . let the Devil put a few small personal interests into it, and you have all faithful deliberation on national law rendered impossible in the parliaments of Europe by the antagonism of parties.

Take the instinct for justice, and the natural sense of indignation against crime; let the Devil color it with personal passion, and you have a mighty race of true and tender-hearted men living for centuries in such bloody feud that every note, and word of their national songs, is a dirge, and every rock of their hills is a grave-stone. Take the love of beauty, and power of imagination, which are the source of every true achievement in art; let the Devil touch them with sensuality, and they are stronger than the sword or the flame to blast the cities where they were born, into ruin without hope. Take the instinct of industry and ardor of commerce, which are meant to be the support and mutual maintenance of man; let the Devil touch them with avarice, and you shall see the avenues of the exchange choked with corpses that have died of famine.

I leave you to call this deceiving Spirit what you like — or to theorize about it as you like. All that I desire you to recognize is the fact of its being here, and the need of its being fought with. . . . I do not care what you call it, — whose history you believe of it, — nor what you yourself can imag-



ine about it; the origin, or nature, or name may be as you will, but the deadly reality of the thing is with us, and warring against us, and on our true war with it depends whatever life we can win.

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Passion, or “sensation.” I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another — between one animal and another, — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

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What do you mean by “vulgarity?” You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity.

**It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased**

habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy, — of quick understanding — of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” of touch-faculty of body and soul; that tact which the *Mimosa* has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures; — fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason; — the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true; — it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.



True knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, — not the first thought that comes, — so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion — not the first passion that comes.



No feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry causes. There is a mean wonder as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business; and a noble curiosity, questioning in the front of dan-

ger, the source of the great river beyond the sand — the place of the great continents beyond the sea; — a nobler curiosity still, which questions the Source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven, — things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble with which you linger over the cause and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore . . . sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revelings and junketing; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort, or a tear. I said “minuteness” and “selfishness” of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said “injustice” or “unrighteous” of sensation.



It was necessary that, in order to the understanding by man of the scheme of Redemption, that scheme should be fore-shown from the beginning by the type of bloody sacrifice. But God had no more pleasure in such sacrifice at the time of Moses than He has now; He never accepted as a propitiation for sin any sacrifice but the single one in prospective; and that we may not entertain any shadow of doubt on this subject, the worthlessness of all other sacrifice than this is proclaimed

at the very time when typical sacrifice was most imperatively demanded. God was a spirit, and could be worshipped only in spirit and in truth, as singly and exclusively when every day brought its claim of typical and material service or offering, as now when He asks for none but that of the heart.

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The feelings of the purest and most mightily passioned human souls are likely to be the truest. Not, indeed, if they do not desire to know the truth, or blind themselves to it that they may please themselves with passion; for then they are no longer pure; but if continually seeking and accepting the truth as far as it is discernible, they trust their Maker for the integrity of the instincts He has gifted them with, and rest in the sense of a higher truth which they cannot demonstrate, I think they will be most in the right so.

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Was the glory of the tabernacle necessary to set forth or image His divine glory to the minds of His people? What! purple or scarlet necessary to the people who had seen the great river of Egypt run scarlet to the sea, under His condemnation? What! golden lamp and cherub necessary for those who had seen the fires of heaven falling like a mantle on Mount Sinai, and its golden courts opened to receive their mortal lawgiver?—What! silver clasp and fillet necessary when they had seen the silver waves of the Red Sea clasp in their arched hollows the corpses of the horse and his rider? Nay—not so. There was but one reason, and that

an eternal one; that as the covenant that He made with men was accompanied with some external sign of its continuance, and of His remembrance of it, so the acceptance of that covenant might be marked and signified by use, in some external sign of their love and obedience, and surrender of themselves and theirs to His will; and that their gratitude to Him, and continual remembrance of Him, might have at once their expression and their enduring testimony in the presentation to Him, not only of the firstling of the herd and fold, not only of the fruits of the earth and the tithes of time, but of all treasures of wisdom and beauty; of the thought that invents, and the hand that labors; of wealth of wood and weight of stone; of the strength of iron, and of the light of gold.



Was it necessary to the completeness, as a type of the Levitical sacrifice, or to its utility as an explanation of divine purposes, that it should cost anything to the person in whose behalf it was offered?—On the contrary, the sacrifice which it foreshowed was to be God's free gift. . . . Yet this costliness was *generally* a condition of the acceptableness of the sacrifice—"Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."—That costliness, therefore, must be an acceptable condition in all human offerings at all times; for if it was pleasing to God once, it must please Him always, unless directly forbidden by Him afterwards, which it has never been.

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The less valuable offering was rejected not because it did not image Christ nor fulfil the purpose of sacrifice, but because it indicated a feeling that would grudge the best of its possessions to Him who gave them; and because it was a bold dishonoring of God in the sight of man. Whence it may be infallibly concluded, that in whatever offerings we may now see reason to present unto God, a condition of their acceptableness will be now, as it was then, that they should be the best of their kind.

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It has been said — it ought always to be said, for it is true, — that a better and more honorable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so; woe to all who think any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars or carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs.

Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this; but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between God's house and His poor; it is not between

God's house and His gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessellated colors on our floors? No frescoed fancies on our roofs? No niched statuary in our corridors! No gilded furniture in our chambers? No costly stones in our cabinets? Has even the tithe of them been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purpose of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one — that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial, that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the Church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare walls and mean compass of the temple.



The tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and



as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

I have said for every town; I do not want a marble church for every village; nay, I do not want marble churches at all for their own sake, but for the sake of the spirit that would build them. The church has no need of any visible splendors; her power is independent of them, her purity is in some degree opposed to them. The simplicity of a pastoral sanctuary is lovelier than the majesty of an urban temple; and it may be more than questioned whether, to the people, such majesty has ever been the source of any increase of effective piety; but to the builders it has been, and must ever be. It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving.



There are liberties and liberties. Yonder torrent, crystal-clear, and arrow-swift, with its spray leaping into the air like white troops of fawns, is free enough. Lost, presently, amidst bankless boundless marsh — soaking in slow shallowness, as it will, hither and thither, listless, among the poisonous reeds and unresisting slime — it is free also. We may choose which liberty we like — the restraint of voiceful rock, or the dumb and edgeless shore of darkened sand.



I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Not free only,

but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence — one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion in all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; — and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do — no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earth-worm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning net-work; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber — a black incarnation of caprice — wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in

feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's windows to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's-back, to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz — what freedom is like his?

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For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. . . . He has no books — nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at with sullen ill success: his fidelity only seals his fate. . . . Yet of the two, would we rather be watch-dog, or fly?

Indeed, the first point we all have to determine is, not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty; but of the greatest that we deserve it. . . . I tell you, lover of liberty, there is no choice offered to you, but it is similarly between life and death. You will get wiser and stronger only by doing right, whether forced or not; the prime, the one need is to do that, under whatever compulsion, until you can do it without compulsion. And then you are a Man.

\* \* \*

Your individuality was given you by God, and in your race; and if you have any, to speak of, you will want no liberty. . . . But if you have no individuality, if there is no true character nor true desire in you, then you will indeed want to be free. . . . You ask for freedom of thought; but

if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think; and if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to think wrong. Only one thought is possible to you, if you are wise—your liberty is geometrically proportionate to your folly.

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How false is the conception, how frantic the pursuit, of that treacherous phantom which men call Liberty; most treacherous, indeed, of all phantoms; for the feeblest ray of reason might surely show us, that not only its attainment, but its being, was impossible. There is no such thing in the universe. There can never be. The stars have it not; the earth has it not; the sea has it not; and we men have the mockery and semblance of it only for our heaviest punishment.

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If there be any one principle more widely than another confessed by every utterance or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom, of the visible creation, that principle is not Liberty, but Law.

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“All this glory and activity of our age; what are they owing to, but to our freedom of thought?” In a measure they are owing—what good is in them—to the discovery of many lies, and the escape from the power of evil. Not to liberty, but to the deliverance from evil or cruel masters. Brave men have dared to examine lies which had long been

taught, not because they were *free*-thinkers, but because they were such stern and close thinkers that the lie could no longer escape them.

\* \* \*

I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labor for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty — liberty from care.

\* \* \*

All redemption must begin in subjection, and in the recovery of the sense of Fatherhood and authority, as all ruin and devastation begin in the loss of that sense.

\* \* \*

At present, “advancement in life” means becoming conspicuous in life;—obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honorable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity; the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

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It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life, that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it "mortification" using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effects of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state upon the throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

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There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object

of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and more or less cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily-minded people like making money — ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it, but the main object of their lives is not money . . . with all brave and rightly trained men, their work is first, their fee second, — very important always, but still second. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction.

It is the whole distinction in a man; distinction between life and death *in* him, between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve two masters; — you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil.

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Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all



common wickedness. . . . He was only a common money-lover, and like all money-lovers, didn't understand Christ; . . . The power which money, once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce to himself, except the laborer's food — that, is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the bag," and bearing what is put therein.

\* \* \*

Whenever money is the principal object of life with either man or nation, it is both got ill, and spent ill; and does harm both in the getting and spending; but when it is not the principal object, it and all other things will be well got, and well spent. And here is the test, with every man, of whether money is the principal object with him, or not. If in mid-life he could pause and say, "Now I have enough to live upon, I'll live upon it; and having well earned it, I will also well spend it, and go out of the world poor, as I came into it," then money is not principal with him; but if, having enough to live upon in the manner befitting his character and rank, he still wants to make more, and to *die* rich, then money is the principal object with him, and it becomes a curse to himself, and generally to those who spend it after him.

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The money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which cannot be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and

many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it. . . . A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending.

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Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is never "how much do they make?" but "to what purpose do they spend?"

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Have you observed that all Christ's main teachings, by direct order, by earnest parable, and by His own permanent emotion, regard the use and mis-use of *money*? We might have thought, if we had been asked what a divine teacher was most likely to teach, that He would have left inferior persons to give directions about money; and Himself spoken only concerning faith and love, and the discipline of the passions, and the guilt of the crimes of soul against soul. But not so. He speaks in general terms of these. But He does not speak parables about them for all men's memory, nor permit Himself fierce indignation against them, in all men's sight. The Pharisees bring Him an adulteress. He writes her forgiveness on the dust of which He formed her. Another, despised of all for known sin, He recognized as a giver of unknown love. But He acknowledges no love in buyers and sellers in His house. One would have thought

there were people in that house twenty times worse than they; — Caiaphas and his like — false priests, false prayer-makers, false leaders of the people — who needed putting to silence or to flight, with darkest wrath. But the scourge is only against the traffickers and thieves. The two most intense of all the parables; the two which lead the rest in love and terror (that of the Prodigal and Dives) relate, both of them, to management of riches. The practical order given to the only seeker of advice of whom it is recorded that Christ “loved him” is briefly about his property. “Sell that thou hast.”

\* \* \*

The love of money, with the parallel, looseness in management of it, is indeed the root of all evil.

\* \* \*

It is easy to call yourself the chief of sinners, expecting every sinner round you to decline — or return — the compliment; but learn to measure the real degrees of your own relative baseness, and to be ashamed, not in heaven's sight, but in man's sight; and redemption is indeed begun.

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*He himself* has sinned . . . *that* is the hard lesson to learn and the beginning of faithful lessons. All right and fruitful humility and purging of Heart, and seeing of God, is in that.

\* \* \*

Be sure of one thing, that, however much you may know, and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good

you may be, you have not been singled out, by the God who made you, from all the others in the world, to be especially informed respecting His own nature and character. You have not been born in a luminous point upon the surface of the globe, where a perfect theology might be expounded to you from your youth up, and when everything you were taught would be true, and everything that was enforced upon you, right. Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions that by any chance could enter and hold your empty . . . heart, this is the proudest and foolishest, — that you have been so much the darling of the Heavens, and favorite of the Fates, as to be born in the very nick of time, and in the punctual place, when and where pure Divine truth has been sifted from the errors of the Nations.

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However good you may be, you have faults; — however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you had better make some — not too painful, but patient — effort to get quit of them.

\* \* \*

Something which befalls you may seem a great misfortune; — you meditate over its effects on you personally; and begin to think that it is a chastisement, or a warning, or a this or that or the other of profound significance; and that all the angels in heaven have left their business for a little while, that they may watch its effects on your mind. But give up this egotistic indulgence of your fancy; examine a little

what misfortunes, greater a thousandfold, are happening, every second, to twenty times worthier persons; and your self-consciousness will change into pity and humility; and you will know yourself, so far as to understand that "there hath nothing taken thee but what is common to men."

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None can estimate the power manifested in victory, unless they have personally measured the strength to be overcome.

\* \* \*

There are two forms of discontent; one laborious, the other indolent and complaining. We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambition meekness. It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall "inherit the earth." Neither covetous men, nor the grave, can inherit anything, they can but consume. Only contentment can possess. The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." . . . And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life,—this, at present, of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no thought for

coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision, but wholly of accumulation;—the life of domestic affection, and domestic peace, peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure;—therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.

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We should be afraid of doing wrong, and of that only, otherwise, if we only don't do wrong for fear of being punished, we have done wrong in our hearts already.

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The increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller, in the sight of God. All the knowledge man can gain is as nothing, but that the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all, and in the activity, strength, health and well-being of the soul lies the main difference in His sight between one man and another.

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Observe, the difference between tasting knowledge, and hoarding it. In this respect it is like food; since in some measure, the knowledge of all men is laid up in granaries for future use; much of it is at any given moment dormant, not fed upon or enjoyed, but in store . . . men may starve in their own granaries . . . accumulate their store, rather than receive nourishment from it. . . . Most of us are to receive day by day our daily bread, and shall be as well nourished and as fit for our daily labor, and often, also,

fit for nobler and more divine labor, in feeding from the barrel of meal that does not waste, and from the cruse of oil that does not fail, than if our barns were filled with plenty, and our presses bursting with new wine.

\* \* \*

The safest way . . . is to assure ourselves that true knowledge of anything or any creature is only of the good of it; that its nature and life are in that, and that what is diseased, — that is to say, unnatural and mortal, — you must cut away from it in contemplation, as you would in surgery.

\* \* \*

Examine the effect of knowledge and see whether the trees of knowledge and of life are one now, any more than in Paradise. Feel that the real animating power of knowledge is only in the moment of its being first received, when it fills us with wonder and joy; a joy for which, observe, the previous ignorance is just as necessary as the present knowledge. That man is always happy who is in the presence of something which he cannot know to the full, which he is always going on to know. This is the necessary condition of a finite creature with divinely rooted and divinely directed intelligence, this, therefore its happy state,—but, observe, a state not of triumph or joy in what it knows, but of joy rather in the continual discovery of new ignorance, continual self-abasement, continual astonishment. . . . The whole difference between a man of genius and other men is that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the



large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge — conscious rather — of infinite ignorance, and yet infinite power; a fountain of eternal admiration, delight, and creative force within him meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him.

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All are to be men of genius in their degree — rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure; not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh, and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.

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Knowledge is mental food, and is exactly to the spirit what food is to the body. . . . It may be mixed and disguised by art, till it becomes unwholesome; it may be refined, sweetened, and made palatable until it has lost all its power of nourishment; and even of its best kind, it may be eaten to surfeiting and minister to disease and death.

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Man has the choice of stooping in science beneath himself, and striving in science beyond himself; and the “Know thyself” is, for him, not a law to which he must in peace submit; but a precept which of all others is the most painful to understand, and humiliating; and this alike, whether it be held to refer to the knowledge beneath us, or above. For,

singularly enough, men are always conceited of the meanest science : —

“ Doth the Eagle know what is in the pit?  
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole? ”

It is just those who grope with the mole, and cling with the bat, who are vainest of their sight and of their wings.

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Do you think you can know yourself by looking into yourself? Never. You can know what you are only by looking out of yourself.

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It is very probable, that if you could look into your heart from the sun's point of view, it might appear a very black hole indeed : Nay, the Sun may sometimes think good to tell you that it looks so to Him; but He will come into it, and make it very cheerful for you for all that, if you don't put the shutters up.

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“ All things,” says Hooker, — “ God only excepted, — beside the nature which they have in themselves, receive externally some perfection from other things.” Hence the appearance of separation or isolation in anything, and of self-dependence, is an appearance of imperfection; and all appearances of connection and brotherhood are pleasant and right, both as significative of perfection in the things united, and as typical of that Unity which we attribute to God; that Unity

which consists not in His own singleness or separation, but in the necessity of His inherence in all things that be, without which no creature of any kind could hold existence for a moment. Which necessity of Divine essence I think it better to speak of as comprehensiveness, than as unity, because unity is often understood in the sense of oneness or singleness, instead of universality, whereas the only Unity which by any means can become grateful or an object of hope to men, and whose types therefore in material things can be beautiful, is that on which turned the last words and prayer of Christ before His crossing of the Kedron brook. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for those also which shall believe on me through their word. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee."

And so there is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of an unity of some kind with other creatures, and in that unity is its perfection and theirs, and a pleasure also for the beholding of all other creatures that can behold. So the unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love; and these are their delight, and their strength, for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual currents of good, their inseparable dependency on each other's being, and their essential and perfect depending on their Creator's; and so the unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace, not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed

stones and solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust, and the living power of support, of hands that hold each other and are still; and so the unity of matter is, in its noblest form, the organization of it which builds it up into temples for the spirit, and in its lower form, the sweet and strange affinity, which gives it the glory of its orderly elements, and the fair variety of change and assimilation that turns the dust into the crystal, and separates the waters that be above the firmament from the waters that be beneath; and in its lowest form, it is the working and walking and clinging together that gives their power to the winds, and its syllables and soundings to the air, and their weight to the waves, and their burning to the sunbeams, and their stability to the mountains, and to every creature whatsoever operation is for its glory and for others good.

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Of the appearance of unity, as of unity itself, there are several kinds which it will be found convenient to consider separately. Thus there is the unity of different and separate things, subjected to one and the same influence, which may be called subjectional unity, and this is the unity of the clouds, as they are driven by the parallel winds, or as they are ordered by the electric currents, and this is the unity of the sea waves, and this of the bending and undulation of the forest masses, and in creatures capable of will it is the unity of will or inspiration. And there is unity of origin, which we may call original unity, which is of things arising from

one spring and source, and speaking always of their brotherhood, and this in matter is the unity of the branches of the trees, and of the petals and starry rays of flowers, and of the beams of light, and in spiritual creatures it is their filial relation to Him from whom they have their being. And there is unity of sequence, which is that of things that form links in chains, and steps in ascent, and stages in journeys, and this, in matter, is the unity of communicable forces in their continuance from one thing to another, and it is the passing upwards and downwards of beneficent effects among all things, and it is the melody of sounds, and the beauty of continuous lines, and the orderly succession of motions and times. And in spiritual creatures it is their own constant building up by true knowledge and continuous reasoning to higher perfection, and the singleness and straightforwardness of their tendencies to more complete communion with God. And there is the unity of membership, which we may call essential unity, which is the unity of things separately imperfect into a perfect whole, and this is the great unity of which other unities are but parts and means; it is in matter the harmony of sounds and consistency of bodies, and among spiritual creatures, their love and happiness and very life in God.

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As opposed to passion, changefulness, or laborious exertion, repose is the especial and separating characteristic of the eternal mind and power : it is the " I Am " of the Creator

opposed to the "I become" of all creatures; it is the sign alike of the supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labor, the supreme volition which is incapable of change; it is the stillness of the beams of the eternal chambers laid upon the variable waters of ministering creatures.

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The desire of rest planted in the heart is no sensual nor unworthy one, but a longing for renovation, and for escape from a state where every phase is mere preparation for another equally transitory, to one in which permanence shall have become possible through perfection. Hence the great call of Christ to men, that call on which St. Augustine fixed essential expression of Christian hope, is accompanied by the promise of rest; and the death bequest of Christ to men is peace.

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Repose, as it is expressed in material things, is either a simple appearance of permanence and quietness, as in the massy forms of a mountain or rock, accompanied by the lulling effect of all mighty sight and sound, which all feel and none define, or else it is repose proper, the rest of things in which there is vitality or capability of motion actual or imagined; and with respect to these the expression of repose is greater in proportion to the amount and sublimity of the action which is not taking place, as well as to the intensity of the negation of it. Thus we speak not of repose in a

stone, because the motion of a stone has nothing in it of energy nor vitality, neither its repose of stability. But having once seen a great rock come down a mountain side, we have a noble sensation of its rest, now bedded immovably among the under fern, because the power and fearfulness of its motion were great, and its stability and negation of motion are now great in proportion. Hence the imagination, which delights in nothing more than the enhancing of the characters of repose, effects this usually by either attributing to things visibly energetic an ideal stability, or to things visibly stable an ideal activity or vitality. Hence Wordsworth, of the cloud, which in itself having too much of changefulness for his purpose, is spoken of as one, "that heareth not the loud winds when they call, and moveth altogether, if it move at all." And again of children, which, that it may remove from them the child restlessness, the imagination conceives as rooted flowers "Beneath an old gray oak as violets lie." On the other hand, the scattered rocks which have not, as such, vitality enough for rest, are gifted with it by the living image; they "lie couched around as like a flock of sheep."

Thus we see repose demands for its expression the implied capability of its opposite, energy, and this even in its lower manifestations in rocks and stones and trees. By comparing the modes in which the mind is disposed to regard the boughs of a fair and vigorous tree, motionless in the summer air, with the effect produced by one of these same boughs



hewn square and used for threshold or lintel, the reader will at once perceive the connection of vitality with repose and the part they both bear in beauty. But that which in lifeless things ennobles them by seeming to indicate life, ennobles higher creatures by indicating the exaltation of their earthly vitality into a Divine vitality; and raising the life of sense into the life of faith — faith, whether we receive it in the sense of adherence to resolution, obedience to law, regardfulness of promise, in which from all time it has been the test as the shield of the true being and life of man, or in the still higher sense of truthfulness in the presence, kindness, and word of God: in which form it has been exhibited under the Christian dispensation. For whether in one form or other form, whether the faithfulness of men whose path is chosen and portion fixed, in the following and receiving of that path and portion, as in the Thermopylæ camp; or the happier faithfulness of children in the good giving of their Father, and of subjects in the conduct of their king, as in the “Stand still, and see the salvation of God” of the Red Sea shore, there is rest and peacefulness, the “standing still” in both, the quietness of action determined, of spirit unalarmed, of expectation unimpatient: beautiful, even when based only as of old, on the self-command and self-possession, the persistent dignity or the uncalculating love of the creature, but more beautiful yet when the rest is one of humility instead of pride, and the trust no more in the resolution we have taken, but in the Hand we hold.

Hence I think there is no desire more intense or more exalted than that which exists in all rightly disciplined minds for the evidences of repose.

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About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose.

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Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed, and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.

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Any material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities, without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way or in some degree, beautiful. . . . Observe, I do not mean by excluding direct exertion of the intellect from ideas of beauty that beauty has no effect upon nor connection with the intellect. All our moral feelings are so interwoven with our intellectual powers, that we cannot affect the one, without in some degree, addressing the other; and in all high ideas of beauty it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly

called “intellectual beauty.” But there is yet no immediate exertion of the intellect; that is to say, if a person, receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty, be asked *why* he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, nor to trace in his mind any formal thought to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure. He will say that the thing gratifies, fills, hallows, exalts his mind, but he will not be able to say why, or how.

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Ideas of Beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful, than of deformed parts; there being in fact scarcely anything in pure, undiseased Nature like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition; spots of blackness in creation, to make its colors felt. But although everything in Nature is more or less beautiful, every species of object has its own kind and degree of beauty; some being in their own nature more beautiful than others, and few, if any individuals, possessing the utmost beauty of which the species is capable. This utmost degree of specific beauty, necessarily co-existent

with the utmost perfection of the object in other respects, is the *ideal* of the object.

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The sensation of Beauty is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and its intensity, insomuch that even the right after-action of the intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended, is dependent on the acuteness of the heart-feeling about them; and thus the apostolic words come true, in this minor respect as in all others, that men are alienated from the life of God, “through the ignorance that is in them, having the understanding darkened, because of the hardness of their hearts;” for we do indeed see constantly that men having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, nor with their hearts at all, never comprehend it, nor receive good from it, but make it a mere minister to their desires, and accompaniment and seasoning of lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust.

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That which is required in order to the attainment of accurate conclusions respecting the essence of the beautiful, is nothing more than earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impression of it, by which those which are shallow, false, or peculiar to times and temperaments may be distinguished from those that are eternal.

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We must be modest and cautious in the pronouncing of positive opinions on the subject of beauty; for every one of us has peculiar sources of enjoyment necessarily opened to him in certain scenes and things, sources which are sealed to others.

\* \* \*

Beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained; it is therefore to be found more or less in all natural objects, but in order that we may not satiate ourselves with it, and weary of it, it is rarely granted to us in its utmost degree.

\* \* \*

There is not any soul so sunk but that it shall in some measure feel the impression of mental beauty in the human features, and detest in others its own likeness, and in itself despise that which of itself it has made.

\* \* \*

There is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features, neither on them only, but on the whole body, both the intelligence and moral faculties have operation, for even all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through continuance of this a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained.

\* \* \*

Of the sweetness which that higher serenity — of happiness — and the dignity which that higher authority — of Divine law, and not human reason — can and must stamp on the features, it would be futile to speak at length, for I suppose that both are acknowledged on all hands, and that there is not any beauty but theirs to which men pay long obedience; at all events, if not by sympathy discovered, it is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest.

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There is a certain period of the soul culture when it begins to interfere with some of the characters of typical beauty belonging to the bodily frame, the stirring of the intellect wearing down the flesh, and the moral enthusiasm burning its way out to heaven, through the emaciation of the earthen vessel; and that there is, in this indication of subduing of the mortal by the immortal part, an ideal glory of perhaps a purer and higher range than that of the more perfect material form. We conceive, I think, more nobly of the weak presence of Paul, than of the fair and ruddy countenance of David.

\* \* \*

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the mem-

ory of happy and useful years — full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise; — opening always — modest at once and bright, with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise — it is eternal youth.

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If we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws.

\* \* \*

This is the true nature of home — it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love, — so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, — shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea; — so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.



And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless. This, then, I believe to be, — will you not admit it to be, — the woman's true place and power? But do you not see that to fulfil this, she must — as far as one can use such terms of a human creature — be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise — wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service — the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense — “*La donna elmobile,*” not “*Quel piùm al vento;*” no, nor yet “*Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;*” but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

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Generally we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether

so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the State. So a woman has a personal work and duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that. . . . The man's work for his own home is, to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.



If men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples — temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honor, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life. . . . Our God is a household god, as well as a heavenly one. He has an altar in every man's dwelling.



A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive, hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in

a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly, while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

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Consider whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than from our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born; and striving so to live, that our son and our son's sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying: "Look! this was his home, this was his chamber."

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There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge — between a firm beginning and a feeble smattering. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

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What the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

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Lady means “bread-giver” or “loaf-giver,” and Lord means “maintainer of laws,” and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has a legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and where she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

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If there were to be any difference between a girl’s education and a boy’s, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit, and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought.

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We are foolish, and without excuse foolish in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things.—Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other:

they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

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The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence.

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The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know; they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husband and the nobleness of their children; they are only to be divined, not discerned by the stranger.

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There never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question;—the relation of the womanly to the manly nature,—their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separated from the mission and the rights of Man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claims. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the preëminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigor, and honor, and authority of both. . . . Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point; let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare. Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. . . . There is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity. . . . The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none.

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Observe, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman — Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned. Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of woman in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors, — incorruptibly just and pure examples — strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.



I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott . . . note — in his imaginations of woman — with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice: a fearless, instant, untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims. . . . Next take graver and deeper testimony — that of the great Italians and Greeks. . . . I could multiply witness upon witness if I had time — I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people, — by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred; how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue. . . . I ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world. . . .

I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman. . . . Are Shakespeare and Eschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient* — not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil . . . the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady; that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. . . . You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth — that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it;

and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. . . . This much respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affections we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is? as well as how unreasonable?—Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which needs the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

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Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy?—Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet? that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depths of roses? So surely as they believe that they will have instead, to walk on bitter herbs, and thorns; and

the only softness for their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.”—You think that only a lover’s fancy;—false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet’s fancy—

“Even the light harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread”—

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebell should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am going into wild hyperbole?—Pardon me, not a whit,—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one) that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it to be a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them—if you could bid the black blight turn away; and the knotted caterpillar spare; if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say, to the South wind, in frost—“Come, thou South, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it

may flow out." This you would think a great thing! And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this (and how much more than this) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these — flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them; — flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; which once saved, you save forever! Is this only a little power? — Far among the moorlands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible streets, — these feeble flowerets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken — will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them? . . . . No dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine and rose; nor call to you, through your casement,— call — (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who on the edge of happy Lethe, stands wreathing flowers with flowers) saying: —

“Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown!”

Will you not go down among them? Among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of

goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise — and still they turn to you, and for you, “The Larkspur listens — I hear, I hear! and the Lily whispers — I wait.” Did you notice that I missed two lines, when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? — Hear them now: —

“Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown;  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate, alone.”

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often: — sought Him in vain, all through the night: — sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there, but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always — waiting to take your hand — ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding — there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed: — more; you shall see the troops of the angel keepers, that, with their wings wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown —

and call to each other between the vineyard rows, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Oh — you queens — you queens! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

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You fancy perhaps, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.

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A Myth, in its simplest definition, is a story with a meaning attached to it, other than it seems to have at first; and the fact that it has such a meaning is generally marked by some of its circumstances being extraordinary, or in the common use of the word, unnatural.

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To the mean person the myth always meant little; to the noble person, much: and the greater their familiarity with it,



the more contemptible it became to the one, and the more sacred to the other; until vulgar commentators explained it entirely away, while Virgil made it the crowning glory of his choral hymn to Hercules:

“Around thee, powerless to infect thy soul,  
Rose, in his crested crowd, the Lerna worm.”

And although, in any special toil of the hero's life, the moral interpretation was rarely with definiteness attached to its event, yet in the whole course of the life, not only a symbolical meaning, but the warrant for the existence of a real spiritual power, was apprehended of all men. Hercules was no dead hero, to be remembered only as a victor over monsters of the past—harmless now, as slain. He was the perpetual type and mirror of heroism, and its present and living aid against every ravenous form of human trial and pain.

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In all the most beautiful and enduring myths, we shall find, not only a literal story of a real person, — not only a parallel imagery of moral principle, — but an underlying worship of natural phenomenon, out of which both have sprung, and in which both for ever remain rooted.

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In nearly every myth of importance, you have to discern these three structural parts — the root and the two branches: — the root, in physical existence, sun or sky, or cloud, or sea;

then the personal incarnation of that; becoming a trusted and companionable deity, with whom you may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister; and, lastly, the moral significance of the image, which is in all the great myths eternally and beneficently true.

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You cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been made by somebody who had looked at the sky. If the myth is about justice and fortitude, it must have been made by some one who knew what it was to be just or patient. According to the quantity of understanding in the person will be the quantity of significance in his fable. . . . And the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. . . . As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable burgeons out into symmetry of milky stem, and honied bell.

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The first of requirements, for the right reading of myths, is the understanding of the nature of all true vision by noble persons; namely, that it is founded in constant laws common to all human nature; that it perceives, however darkly, things which are for all ages true; — that we can only under-

stand it so far as we have some perception of the same truth : — and that its fulness is developed and manifested more and more by the reverberation of it from minds of the same mirror-temper, in succeeding ages. You will understand Homer better by seeing his reflection in Dante, as you may trace new forms and softer colors in a hill-side, redoubled by a lake.



You must always be prepared to read Greek legends as you trace threads through figures on a silken damask; the same thread runs through the web, but it makes part of different figures.



Examine — the natural myths in the groups of the plants which would be used at any country dinner, over which Athena would, in her simplest household authority, cheerfully rule. Suppose Horace's favorite dish of beans, with the bacon; potatoes; some savory stuffing of onions and herbs with the meat; celery, and a radish or two, with the cheese; nuts and apples for dessert, and brown bread.

The beans are from earliest time the most important and interesting of the seeds of the great tribe of plants from which came the Latin and French name for all kitchen vegetables — things that are gathered with the hand — podded seeds that cannot be reaped, or beaten, or shaken down, but must be gathered green. “Leguminous” plants, all of them having flowers like butterflies, seeds in pods, — smooth and

tender leaves, divided into many minor ones; — strange adjuncts of tendril, for climbing (and sometimes of thorn) : — exquisitely sweet, yet pure, scents of blossom, and almost always harmless, if not serviceable, seeds. It is of all tribes of plants, the most definite; its blossoms being entirely limited in their parts, and not passing into other forms. It is also the most usefully extended in range and scale; familiar in the height of the forest — acacia, laburnum, Judas-tree; familiar in the sown field — bean and vetch and pea; familiar in the pasture — in every form of clustered clover and sweet trefoil tracery; the most entirely serviceable and human of all orders of plants. Next in the potato, we have the scarcely innocent underground stem of one of a tribe set aside for evil; having the deadly nightshade for its queen, and including the henbane, the witch's mandrake, and the worst natural curse of modern civilization — tobacco. And the strange thing about this tribe is, that though thus set aside for evil, they are not a group distinctly separate from those that are happier in function. . . . The nightshades are, in fact, primroses with a curse upon them — and a sign set in their petals, by which the deadly and condemned flowers may always be known from the innocent ones. . . . Next in the celery and radish you have the two great groups of umbelled and cruciferous plants; alike in conditions of rank among herbs . . . both of them mean and poor in the blossom . . . both of them having the most curious influence on human character in the temperate zones of the earth, from

the days of the parsley crown, and hemlock drink, and mocked Euripidean chervil, until now . . . plants that are of some humble beauty and of endless use, when they are chosen and cultivated . . . reaching some subdued delightfulness in the lady's smock and the wallflower:—for the most part, they have every floral quality meanly, and in vain,—they are white, without purity; golden, without preciousness; redundant, without riches; devided, without fineness; massive, without strength; and slender, without grace. Yet think over the useful vulgarity of theirs; and of the relations of German and English peasant character to its food of kraut and cabbage, and you will begin to feel what purposes of the forming spirit are in these distinctions of species.

Next we take the nuts and apples,—the nuts representing one of the groups of catkined trees, whose blossoms are only tufts and dust; and the other, the rose tribe, in which fruit and flower alike have been the types, to the highest races of men, of all passionate temptation, or pure delight, from the coveting of Eve to the crowning of the Madonna.

. . . We must go on to the humblest group of all, yet the most wonderful, that of the grass, which has given us our bread; and from that we will go back to the herbs.

The vast family of plants, which, under rain, make the earth green for man, and, under sunshine, give him bread, and, in their springing in the early year, mixed with their native flowers, have given us the thought and word of "Spring,"

divide themselves broadly into three great groups — the grasses, sedges, and rushes. The grasses are essentially a clothing for healthy and pure ground, watered by occasional rain, but in itself dry, and fit for all cultivated pasture and corn. . . . The sedges are essentially the clothing of waste and more or less poor or uncultivable soils — coarse in their structure. . . .

In both the sedges and grasses the blossom has a common structure, though undeveloped in the sedges, but composed always of groups of double husks, which have mostly a spinous process in the centre, sometimes projecting into a long awn or beard; this central process being characteristic also of the ordinary leaves of mosses, as if a moss were a kind of ear of corn made permanently green on the ground, and with a new and distinct fructification. But the rushes differ wholly from the sedge and grass in their blossom structure. It is not a dual cluster, but a twice threefold one, so far separated from the grasses, and closely connected with a higher order of plants, to which let me give the general name of *Drosidæ* or dew-plant — plants delighting in interrupted moisture. . .

Now observe you are to divide the whole family of the herbs of the field into three great groups — dew-plants, sedges, and grasses — the *Drosidæ* are divided into five great orders — lilies, asphodels, amaryllids, irids and rushes.

No tribes of flowers have had so great, so varied, or so healthy an influence on man as the *Drosidæ* or dew-plants — depending not so much on the whiteness of some of their

blossoms, or the radiance of others, as on the strength and delicacy of the substance of their petals; enabling them to take forms of faultless elastic curvature, either in cups, as the crocus, or expanding bells, as the true lily — or heath-like bells, as the hyacinth, or bright and perfect stars, like the Star of Bethlehem, or, when they are affected by the strange reflex of the serpent nature which forms the labiate group of all flowers, closing into forms of exquisitely fantastic symmetry in the gladiolus. Put by their side their Nereid sisters, the water-lilies, and you have in them the origin of the loveliest forms of ornamental design, and the most powerful floral myths yet recognized among human spirits, born by the streams of Ganges, Nile, Arno, and Avon.

For consider a little what each of these tribes have been to the spirit of man. First in their nobleness; the Lilies gave the lily of the Annunciation; the Asphodels, the flower of the Elysian fields; the Irids, the fleur-de-lys of chivalry; and the Amaryllids, Christ's lily of the field: while the rush, trodden always under foot, became the emblem of humility. Then take each of the tribes, and consider the extent of their lower influence. Perdita's — "The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds," are the first tribe; which, giving the type of perfect purity in the Madonna's lily, have, by their lovely form, influenced the entire decorative design of Italian sacred art; while ornament of war was continually enriched by the curves of the triple petals of the Florentine "Giglio" and French fleur-de-lys; so that it is impossible to count their influence



for good in the middle ages, partly as a symbol of womanly character, and partly of the utmost brightness and refinement of chivalry in the city which was the flower of cities.

Afterwards, the group of the turban-lilies, or tulips did some mischief — their splendid stains having made them the favorite caprice of florists: — but they may be pardoned all such guilt for the pleasure they have given in cottage gardens, and are yet to give, when lowly life may again be possible among us; and the crimson bars of the tulips in their trim beds, with their likeness in crimson bars of morning above them, and its dew glittering heavy, globed in their glossy cups, may be loved better than the grey nettles of the ash heap, under grey sky, unveined by vermilion or by gold. . . .

. . . . The star-group, of the squills, garlies, and onions, has always caused me great wonder. I cannot understand why its beauty, and serviceableness, should have been associated with the rank scent which has been really among the most powerful means of degrading peasant life, and separating it from that of the higher classes.

The belled group of the hyacinth and convallaria, is as delicate as the other is coarse: the unspeakable azure light along the ground of the wood hyacinth in English spring; the grape hyacinth, which is in South France, as if a cluster of grapes and a hive of honey had been distilled and compressed together into one small boss of celled and beaded blue; the lilies of the valley everywhere, in each sweet and wild recess of rocky lands; count the influence of these on childish

and innocent life; then measure the mythic power of the hyacinth and asphodel as connected with Greek thoughts of immortality; finally take their useful and nourishing power in ancient and modern peasant life, and it will be strange if you do not feel what fixed relation exists between the agency of the creating spirit in them, and in us who live by them. . .

. The golden lily and crocus, together with the asphodel, retain always the old Greeks' fondest thoughts — they are the only "golden" flowers that are to burn on the trees and float on the streams of paradise.



The spirit of these *Draconidæ* seems to pass more or less into other flowers, whose forms are properly pure vases; but it affects some of them slightly — others not at all. It never strongly affects the heaths; never once the roses; but it enters like an evil spirit into the buttercup, and turns it into a larkspur, with a black, spotted, grotesque centre, and a strange, broken blue, gorgeous and intense, yet impure, glittering on the surface as if it were strewn with broken glass and stained or darkening irregularly into red. And then at last the serpent charm changes the *ranunculus* into monks-hood; and makes it poisonous. It enters into the forget-me-not, and the star of heavenly turquoise is corrupted into the viper's bugloss, darkened with the same strange red as the larkspur, and fretted into a fringe of thorn; it enters together with a strange insect-spirit, into the asphodels, and they change into spotted orchidea; it touches the poppy, it becomes

a fumaria; the iris, and it pouts into a gladiolus; the lily, and it chequers itself into a snake's-head, and secretes in the deep of its bell, drops, not of venom indeed, but honey-dew, as if it were a healing serpent. For there is an Esculapian as well as an evil serpentry among the Draconidæ, . . . a vast group of herbs for healing, — all draconid in form — spotted, and crested, and from their lip-like corollas named “labiatae;” full of various balm, and warm strength for healing, yet all of them without splendid honor or perfect beauty, “ground ivies,” richest when crushed under the foot; the best sweetness and gentle brightness of the robes of the field, — thyme, and marjoram and euphrasy.



The sum of all this is, that over the entire surface of the earth and its waters, as influenced by the power of the air under solar light, there is developed a series of changing forms, in clouds, plants, and animals, all of which have reference in their action or nature, to the human intelligence that perceives them; and on which, in their aspect of horror and beauty, and their qualities of good and evil, there is engraved a series of myths, or words of the forming power, which, according to the true passion and energy of the human race, they have been enabled to read into religion. And this forming power has been by all nations partly confused with the breath or air through which it acts, and partly understood as a creative wisdom, proceeding from the Supreme Deity; but entering into and inspiring all intelligences that work in harmony with Him.

## FRAGMENTS.

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\* \* \*

The truth of Nature is a part of the truth of God; to him who does not search it out, darkness, as it is to him who does infinity.

\* \* \*

Whenever people do not look at nature they always think that they can improve her.

\* \* \*

I would rather teach drawing that my pupils may learn to love Nature, than teach the looking at Nature that they may learn to draw.

\* \* \*

Practice patience, I can tell you that requires nearly as much practicing as music; and we are continually losing our lessons when the master comes.

\* \* \*

To all true modesty the necessary business is not inlook but outlook, and especially *uplook*.

\* \* \*

We are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts.

\*  
\* \* \*

Physical purity — actual love of sweet light and fair color.  
 . . . Purifying, literally, purging and cleansing. That is  
 the first “ sacred art ” all men have to learn.

\*  
\* \* \*

To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures,  
 and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration you  
 must be among beautiful things, and looking at them.

\*  
\* \* \*

No more dangerous snare is set by the fiends for human  
 frailty, than the belief that our own enemies are also the  
 enemies of God.

\*  
\* \* \*

I rather believe that in periods of new effort and violent  
 change, disappointment is a wholesome medicine; and that in  
 the secret of it, as in the twilight so beloved of Titian, we  
 may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the  
 more dazzling sunshine.

\*  
\* \* \*

The charge of plagiarism is hardly ever made but by plag-  
 iarists, and persons of the unhappy class who do not believe  
 in honesty but in evidence.

\*  
\* \* \*

Noble mystery differs from ignoble, in being a veil thrown  
 between us and something definite, known and substantial;  
 but the ignoble mystery is a veil cast before chaos, the stu-  
 dious concealment of Nothing.

\* \* \*

What we like determines what we are, and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

\* \* \*

Let heart-sickness pass beyond a certain bitter point, and the heart loses its life forever.

\* \* \*

Be in your heart a Sister of Charity always, without either veiled or voluble declaration of it.

\* \* \*

There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

\* \* \*

The worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays.

\* \* \*

Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death; only little men do that.

\* \* \*

What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do.

\* \* \*

A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.

\* \* \*

The very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying.

\* \* \*

It is impossible for every one rightly trained — to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

\* \* \*

There is no music in a “rest” that I know of, but there’s the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody, and scrambling on without counting — not that it’s easy to count; but nothing on which so much depends ever *is* easy. People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.

\* \* \*

Patience lies at the root of all pleasure, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness, when Impatience companions her.

\* \* \*

“No fountain from a rocky cave  
E’er tripped with foot so free,  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.”

A girl is always like that when everything is right with her.

\* \* \*

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by woman’s love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.



\* \* \*

No human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice.

\* \* \*

Treat the servant kindly, with the idea of turning his gratitude to account, and you will get, as you deserve, no gratitude, nor any value for your kindness; but treat him kindly without any economical purpose, and all economical purposes will be answered; in this, as in all other matters, whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whoso loses it shall find it.

\* \* \*

Everything has its own wonders.

\* \* \*

There are some enemies so base that even to hold them captive is a kind of dishonor.

\* \* \*

There is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

\* \* \*

There is but one way in which man can ever help God — that is, by letting God help him; and there is no way in which God's name is more guiltily taken in vain, than by calling the abandonment of our own work, the performance of His.

\* \* \*

The word "virtue" means not "conduct," but "strength," vital energy in the heart.

\* \* \*

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower; — when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body.

\* \* \*

Unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many.

\* \* \*

Life! — some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But — "Station in Life" — how many of us are ready to quit *that*? Is it not always the great objection, where there is question of finding something useful to do — "We cannot leave our Stations in Life?"

\* \* \*

I do not say that a man cannot think, having false basis and material for thought, but that a false thought is worse than the want of thought, and therefore is not art.

\* \* \*

All Nature, with one voice — with one glory, is set to teach you reverence for the life communicated to you from the Father of Spirits. The song of birds, and their plumage; the scent of flowers, their color, their very existence, are in

direct connection with the mystery of that communicated life; and all the strength, and all the arts of men, are measured by, and founded upon, their reverence for the passion, and their guardianship of the purity of Love.

\*  
\* \*

A man's happiness consists infinitely more in admiration of the faculties of others than in confidence in his own. That reverent admiration is the perfect human gift in him; all lower animals are happy and noble in the degree they can share it. A dog reverences you, a fly does not; the capacity of partly understanding a creature above him, is the dog's nobility. Increase such reverence in human beings and you increase daily their happiness, peace and dignity; take it away and you make them wretched as well as vile.

\*  
\* \*

Any law which we magnify and keep through pride is always the law of the letter; but that which we love and keep through humility is the law of the Spirit; and the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.

\*  
\* \*

It is popularly supposed that it benefits a nature to invent a want. But the fact is, that the true benefit is in extinguishing a want, in living with as few wants as possible.

\*  
\* \*

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon, by as many inferior as it can reach.

\* \* \*

When power of any kind is given, there is responsibility attached.

\* \* \*

Pride is the most universal, perhaps the most fatal of all sin, fretting the whole depth of our humanity into storm.

\* \* \*

Give not only noble teachings, but noble teachers.

\* \* \*

He did pause in anger—but bidding its time, which the anger of a strong man always can, and burn hotter for the waiting, which is one of the chief reasons for Christians being told not to let the sun go down upon it.

\* \* \*

Under all sorrow there is the force of virtue; over all ruin, the restoring charity of God.

\* \* \*

The great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed.

\* \* \*

When you begin to think of things rightly, the ideas of smallness and largeness pass away.

\* \* \*

We can make ourselves uncomfortable to any extent with perhapses. You may stick perhapses into your minds, like pins, till you are as uncomfortable as the Lilliputians made Gulliver with their arrows when he would not lie quiet.

\* \* \*

Some dreams are truer than some wakings.

\* \* \*

All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time. But there must be no hurry.

\* \* \*

No road to any good knowledge is wholly among the lilies and the grass; there is rough climbing to be done always.

\* \* \*

My own belief is, that the best study of all is the most beautiful; and that a quiet glade of forest, or the nook of a lake shore, are worth all the schoolrooms in Christendom, when once you are past the multiplication table.

\* \* \*

The faults of a work of art, are the faults of its workman, and its virtues his virtues.

\* \* \*

You should at least know two Latin words; recollect that "mors" means death and delaying, and "vita" means life and growing, and try always not to mortify yourself, but to vivify yourself.

\* \* \*

A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it.

\* \* \*

The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward: — not punishment.

\* \* \*

What you were, others may answer for, what you tried to be, you must answer for yourself—was the heart pure and true?

\* \* \*

A wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental, as well as bodily.

\* \* \*

In a general way remember it is a far better thing to find out other great men, than to become one yourself: for you can but become *one* at best, but you may bring others to the light in numbers.

\* \* \*

Knowledge is good, and light is good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and moths perished in seeking light; and if we, who are crushed before the moth, will not accept such mystery as is needful for us, we shall perish in like manner. But accepted in humbleness, it instantly becomes an element of pleasure, and I think that every rightly constituted mind ought to rejoice, not so much in knowing anything clearly, as in feeling that there is infinitely more which it cannot know.

\* \* \*

The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become; and no error is so conclusively fatal as the idea that God will not allow *us* to err, though He has allowed all other men to do so.

\* \* \*

The best thoughts are generally those which come without being forced, one does not know how.

\* \* \*

The greatest picture is that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

\* \* \*

When the time comes for us to wake out of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of the night? Singing of birds, first, broken and low, as not to dying eyes, but eyes that wake to Life, "the casement slowly grows a glimmering square;" and then the gray, and then the rose of dawn; and last the light whose going forth is to the ends of Heaven.

\* \* \*

The flower is to him a living creature, with histories written on its leaves, and passions breathing in its motion. . . . It is a voice rising from the earth, a new chord of the mind's music.

\* \* \*

All the purposes of good that the beauty of nature can accomplish may be better fulfilled by the meanest of her realities than by the brightest of imitations. For prolonged entertainment no picture can be compared with the wealth of interest which may be found in the herbage of the poorest field, or blossoms of the narrowest copse. As suggestive of supernatural power, the passing away of a fitful rain-cloud,



or opening of dawn, are in their change and mystery more pregnant than any picture. A child would, I suppose, receive a religious lesson from a flower more willingly than from a print of one, and might be taught to understand the nineteenth Psalm, on a starry night, better than by diagrams of the constellations.

\* \* \*

The power of the masters is shown by their self-annihilation. It is commensurate with the degree in which they themselves appear not in their work. The harp of the minstrel is untruly touched, if his own glory is all that it records. Every great writer may be at once known by his guiding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation, and the knowledge which is past his finding out.

\* \* \*

Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this:—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence to all womanhood.

\* \* \*

Among the many mistakes we have lately fallen into, touching Charity, one of the worst is our careless habit of always thinking of her as pitiful, and to be concerned only with miserable and wretched persons; whereas her chief joy is in being reverent and concerned mainly with noble and venerable persons. Her poorest function is the giving of pity;

her highest is the giving of *praise*. For there are many men, who, however fallen, do not like to be pitied; but all men, however far risen, like to be praised.

\*  
\* \* \*

To be heroic in happiness; to bear yourselves gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning; not to forget the God in whom you trust, when He gives you most; not to fail those who trust you, when they seem to need you least; this is the difficult fortitude.

\*  
\* \* \*

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, — clearness of purpose, — quiet and ceaseless energy. All doubt, and repenting, and botching, and retouching, and wondering what it will be best to do next, are vice, as well as misery.

\*  
\* \* \*

Your intelligence should always be far in advance of your act. Whenever you do not know what you are about, you are sure to do wrong.

\*  
\* \* \*

The great difficulty is always to open people's eyes; to touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy; the difficult thing is to break their heads.

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\* \* \*

The best virtues are shown in fighting faults.

\*  
\* \* \*

The crystal must be either dirty or clean. . . . So it is with one's hands, and with one's heart — only you can wash

your hands without changing them, but not hearts, nor crystals. On the whole, while you are young, it will be as well to take care that your hearts don't want much washing; for they may perhaps need wringing also, when they do.

\*  
\* \* \*

No study that is worth pursuing seriously can be pursued without effort; but we need never make the effort painful merely for the sake of preserving our dignity.

\*  
\* \* \*

Wisdom stands calling at the corners of the streets, and the blessing of heaven waits ready to rain down upon us, deeper than the rivers, and broader than the dew, if only we will obey the first principles of humanity, and the first plain precepts of the skies: "Execute true judgment and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart."

\*  
\* \* \*

Your own character will form your style; your own zeal will direct it; your own obstinacy or ignorance, my limit or exaggerate it.

\*  
\* \* \*

No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said.

\*  
\* \* \*

For us every day is a day of judgment — every day is a Dies Iræ, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of

its West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses — it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment — the insects that we crush are our judges — the moments we fret away are our judges — the elements that feed us, judge as they minister — and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge.

\* \* \*

Sentiment, that thing which many wise people affect to despise, is the commanding thing as regards popular impulses, and popular action.

\* \* \*

The best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

\* \* \*

Whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them.

\* \* \*

There is never any real doubt about the path, but you may have to walk very slowly.

\* \* \*

Did you ever hear of anything else so ill-named as the phantom called the “Philosopher’s” Stone? A talisman that shall turn base metal into precious metal, nature acknowledges not;

nor would any but fools seek after it. But a talisman to turn base souls into noble souls, nature has given us! and that is a "Philosopher's" Stone indeed, but it is a stone which the builders refuse.

\*  
\* \* \*

Do not talk but of what you know; do not think but of what you have materials to think justly upon; and do not look for things only that you like when there are others to be seen.

\*  
\* \* \*

There is not the thing left to the choice of man to do or not to do, but there is some degree of duty involved in his determination.

\*  
\* \* \*

Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.

\*  
\* \* \*

There is a large difference between indolent impatience of labor, and intellectual impatience of delay, large difference between leaving things unfinished because we have more to do, or because we are satisfied with what we have done.

\*  
\* \* \*

We judge of the excellence of a rising writer, not so much by the resemblance of his works to what has been done before, as by their difference from it; and while we advise him, in his first trials of strength, to set certain models before him with respect to inferior points,—one for versification,

another for arrangement, another for treatment, — we yet admit not his greatness until he has broken away from all models, and struck forth versification, arrangement, and treatment of his own.

\* \* \*

It will not do to walk at a snail's pace all our lives for fear of stumbling.

\* \* \*

Be assured of this great truth — that what is impossible in reality is ridiculous in fancy.

\* \* \*

The more powerful the intellect, the less will its works resemble those of other men, whether predecessors or contemporaries.

\* \* \*

We must be cautious not to lose sight of the real use of what has been left us by antiquity, nor to take that for a model of perfection which is, in many cases only a guide to it.

\* \* \*

There are degrees of pain, as degrees of faithfulness, which are altogether conquerable, and which seem to be merely forms of wholesome trial or discipline.

\* \* \*

No science can be learned in play; but it is often possible, in play, to bring good fruit out of past labor, or show sufficient reasons for the labor of the future.

\*  
\* \* \*

I have always found that the less we speak of our intentions, the more chance there is of our realizing them.

\*  
\* \* \*

There are cases in which men feel too keenly to be silent, and perhaps too strongly to be wrong.

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\* \* \*

It is not a question of how *much* we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.

\*  
\* \* \*

Nothing is a great work of art, for the production of which either rules or models can be given.

\*  
\* \* \*

There is this great advantage in the writing real letters, that the direct correspondence is a sufficient reason for saying, in or out of order, everything that the chances of the day bring into one's head, in connection with the matter in hand: and as such things very usually go out of one's head again, after they get tired of their lodging, they would otherwise never get said at all.

\*  
\* \* \*

A picture or a poem is often little more than a feeble utterance of man's admiration of something out of himself.

\*  
\* \* \*

The higher a man stands the more the word vulgar becomes unintelligible to him.



\* \* \*

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

\* \* \*

One thing I solemnly desire to see all children taught — obedience; and one to all persons entering into life — the power of unselfish admiration.

\* \* \*

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain — which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.

\* \* \*

There is not the thing left to the choice of man to do, or not to do, but there is some sort of duty involved in his determination.

\* \* \*

If we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous.

\* \* \*

Everything which men rightly accomplish is indeed done by Divine help, but under a consistent law which is never departed from.

\* \* \*

All men accustomed to investigation will confirm me in saying that it is a great step when we are personally quite certain what we do *not* know.

\*  
\* \* \*

All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song.

\*  
\* \* \*

The order, "sell that thou hast," is not given without the promise, — "thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" and well for the modern Christian if he accepts the alternative as his Master left it—and does not practically read the command and promise thus: "Sell that thou hast in the best market, and thou shalt have treasure in eternity also."

\*  
\* \* \*

We know in reality, less than nothing of the dealings of our Maker with our fellow-men; and can only reason or conjecture safely about them, when we have sincerely humble thoughts of ourselves and our creeds.

\*  
\* \* \*

It little becomes us to speak contemptuously of the religion of races; . . . . nor do I think any man of modesty or thoughtfulness will ever speak so of any religion, in which God has allowed one good man to die, trusting.

\*  
\* \* \*

Covetousness is not natural to man — generosity is: — The moment we can use our possessions to any *good* purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to others rises side by side with our power. If you can read a book rightly, you will want others to hear it, if you can enjoy a picture rightly, you will want others to see it; . . . . but once

fix your desire on anything *useless*, and all the pride and folly in your heart will mix with the desire, and make you out at last wholly inhuman, — a mere ugly lump. . . . like a cuttle-fish.



“Time is money” — the words tingle in my ears. . . . Is it nothing better, then? If we could thoroughly understand that time was — itself — would it not be more to the purpose? A thing of which loss or gain was absolute loss, and perfect gain.



In whatever is an object of life, in whatever may be infinitely and for itself desired, we may be sure there is something of divine; for God will not make anything an object of life to His creatures which does not point to, or partake of Himself.



We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith: and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well founded, while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken.



The real and proper use of the word *romantic* is simply to characterize an impossible or unaccustomed degree of beauty, sublimity or virtue.

\* \* \*

I do not merely *believe* there is such a place as hell. I know there is such a place; and I know also that when men have got to the point of believing virtue impossible but through dread of it, they have got *into* it.

\* \* \*

All political economy, as well as higher virtue, depends *first on sound work*.

\* \* \*

Out of imperfect knowledge springs terror, dissension, danger and disdain; but from perfect knowledge strength and peace.

\* \* \*

Human nature is a noble and beautiful thing; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. . . . Thinking it high, I always find it a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low, find it, and will find it always, lower than they thought.

\* \* \*

Surely nobody can always know what is right? Yes, you always can for to-day; and if you do what you see of it to-day, you will see more of it, and more clearly to-morrow.

\* \* \*

Observe, this feeling which you are accustomed to despise, this secret and poetical enthusiasm in all your hearts, which

as practical men you try to restrain—is indeed one of the holiest parts of your being. It is the instinctive delight in, and admiration for sublimity, beauty and virtue, unusually manifested. And so far from being a dangerous guide, it is the truest part of your being.

\* \* \*

Genius must not be sold; the sale of it involves, in a transcendental, but perfectly true sense, the guilt both of simony and prostitution. Your labor only may be sold; your soul must not.

\* \* \*

There is nothing so small or contemptible, but it may be beautiful in its own sight.

\* \* \*

Talkative facts are always more interesting and more important than silent ones.

\* \* \*

Nothing is ever done so as really to please our Great Father, unless we would also have done it, though we had had no Father to know of it.

\* \* \*

The thinking man watches the sunrise, he sees something in the color of a ray, or the change of a cloud that is new to him.

\* \* \*

By right discipline we can increase our strength of noble will and passion, or destroy both.

\* \* \*

Beware always of contending for words; you will find them not easy to grasp, if you know them in several languages.

\* \* \*

Read with patience, and human sympathy, the thoughts of men who lived without blame in a darkness they could not dispel, and remember, that, whatever charge of folly, may justly attach to the saying, "There is no God," the folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable in saying, "There is no God but for me."

\* \* \*

Will God be satisfied with us, think you, if we read His words, merely for the sake of an entirely meaningless poetical sensation?

\* \* \*

Make either your belief, or your difficulty, definite; but do not go on, all through your life, believing nothing intelligently, and yet supposing that your having read the words of a divine book must give you the right to despise every religion but your own.

\* \* \*

Neither days nor lives can be made holy by doing nothing in them.

\* \* \*

Remember, that nothing is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalry; nor nobly, which is done in pride.

\* \* \*

We may always be thankful for a graceful word, whatever it means.

\* \* \*

What a boundless capacity for sleep, and for serene stupidity, there is in the human mind!

\* \* \*

Unmitigated pain would kill any of us in a few hours; pain equal to our pleasures would make us loathe life.

\* \* \*

For ambition and for passion there is no rest, no fruition.

\* \* \*

We have the misfortune to live in an epoch of transition from irrational dullness to irrational excitement; and while once it was the highest courage of science to question anything, it is now an agony to her to leave anything unquestioned.

\* \* \*

We may discern assuredly this, every true light of science, every mercifully granted power, every wisely restrained thought, teach us more clearly day by day, that in the Heavens above, and the earth beneath, there is one continual and omnipotent presence of help, and of peace, for all men who know they live, and remember that they die.

\* \* \*

Admiration is the Faculty of giving Honor. It is the best word we have for the various feelings of wonder, reverence,



awe, and humility, which are needful for all lovely work, and which constitute the habitual temper of all noble and clear-sighted persons, as opposed to the “impudence” of base and blind ones.

\* \* \*

*This* is the thing which *I know*—and which, if you labor faithfully, you shall also know—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life;—Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead—and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.

\* \* \*

Literature does its duty, not in wasting our hours in political discussion, or in idle fiction, but in raising our fancy to the height of what may be noble, honest, and felicitous in actual life; in giving us, though we may ourselves be poor and unknown, the companionship of the wisest fellow-spirits of every age and country, — and in aiding the communication of clear thoughts and faithful purposes, among distant nations, which will at last breathe calm upon the sea of lawless passion, and change into such halcyon days the winter of the world, that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace, and the Son of Man where to lay his head.

\* \* \*

Early Christian men never cared to expound the motive of this or that virtue, for they knew that the believer who had

Christ, had all. — Did he need fortitude? Christ was his Rock. Equity? Christ was his righteousness. Holiness? Christ was his sanctification. Wisdom? Christ was his light. Truthfulness? Christ was the truth. Charity? Christ was love.

\*  
\* \* \*

We have, with Christianity, recognized the individual value of every soul; and there is no intelligence so feeble but that its single ray may in some sort contribute to the general light.

\*  
\* \* \*

The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is "Loyalty," and the sweetest which men have learned in the pastures of the wilderness is "Fold."

\*  
\* \* \*

There is no law of right which consecrates dulness. The proof of a thing's being right is, that it has power over the heart; that it excites us, wins us, or helps us.

\*  
\* \* \*

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.

\*  
\* \* \*

There is nothing so great or so goodly in creation but that it is a mere symbol of the Gospel of Christ, and of the things He has prepared for those who love Him.

\*  
\* \* \*

There is no true potency, remember, but that of help; nor true ambition, but ambition to save.

\* \* \*

Did ever a soul in its immediate distress or desolation, find the form of petition learnt, in childhood, lifeless on the lips of age?

\* \* \*

In science, you must not talk before you know. In art, you must not talk before you do. In literature, you must not talk before you — think. •

\* \* \*

The lives good for most people, and intended for them, are the lives of sheep and robins; and they may be every evening and morning thankful that they have fields to lie down in, and banks to build nests in, and are not called by Heaven to the sorrow of thrones.

\* \* \*

A gentleman always makes his servants gentle.

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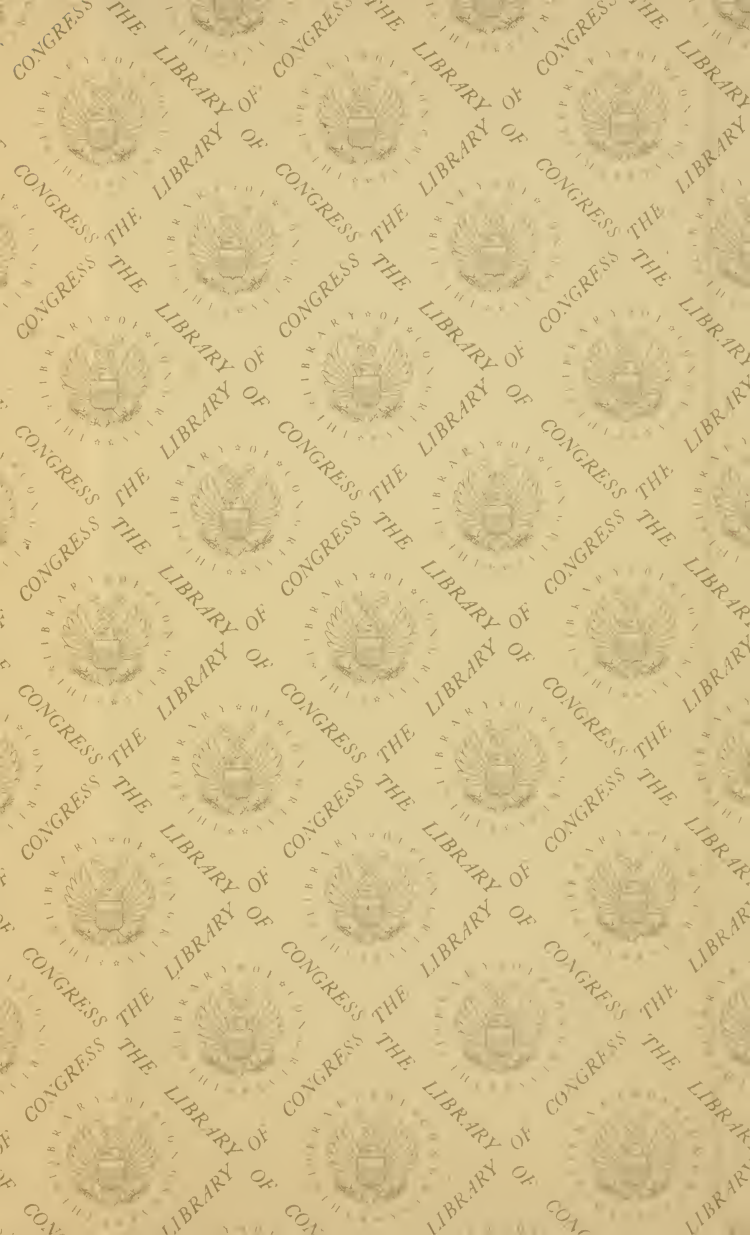
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